CHRISTIAN SONGS

By

Willis Brown.

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GENERAL CHURCH SERVICES
THE SUNDAY SCHOOL
YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETINGS
SONG AND REVIVAL SERVICES

BY

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THE LAKE VIEW PRESS.
164 LaSalle St., Chicago.

In Jesus name I scatter songs,
That you your voice might raise,
And in each word and note sing out
The prayer of thankful praise,
So sing with heart as well as voice,
And may these songs give thee
The joy and peace and comfort sweet,
That they have given me.

Willis Brown

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THE PUBLISHERS.

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CHRISTIAN SONGS.

No. 1. Tell it to Somebody Else.

W. B. WILLIS BROWN.

1. Are you hap - py in Je - sus, Saved by his grace?
2. Were you once a lost sin-ner, Now a child of a King?
3. Does a friend help you bear all your bur - dens and grief?
4. Has a home been pre - pared in the man - sions on high?

Tell it to some - bod - y else; By the words that you speak,
Tell it to some - bod - y else; And does serv - ing the Lord
Tell it to some - bod - y else; When wea - ry and worn,
Tell it to some - bod - y else; May all who be - lieve

By the joy in your face,, Tell it to some-bod - y else.
Now com - plete com - fort bring Tell it to some-bod - y else.
Does he bring you re - lief, Tell it to some-bod - y else.
Have this home by and by, Tell it to some-bod - y else.

CHORUS.

Tell it to some-bod - y else, tell it to some-bod - y else, If

joy you have found, Go spread it around, And tell it to some-bod-y else.

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No. 2. Wholly Following.

Respectfully dedicated to Rev. G. Campbell Morgan.

A. P. A. D. B. TOWNER.

Andante.

1. Be - fore the Sav - ior's judg - ment seat, His ran - somed
2. No will of mine would I re - tain, No share in
3. Then wheth - er he shall come to - day Or tar - ry

ser - vants all shall meet; And some in con - fi - dence shall
world - ly hon - or vain, But in his love a - lone a -
long - er on the way, At morn - ing bright or eve - ning

CHORUS.

come, While some in bit - ter shame are dumb. O when I
bide, Nor wish for aught on earth be - side.
dim, Still may he find me fol-low-ing him.

stand be - fore thy throne, And know at last, as I am known,

May I re - joice thy face to see, Be-cause I whol-ly fol - lowed thee.

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No. 3. That Beautiful River.

R. TORRY, JR. REV. J. W. DUDMUN.

1. O have you not heard of a beau - ti - ful stream, That
2. With mur - mur - ing sound doth it wan - der a - long, Thro'
3. Its foun - tains are deep and its wa - ters are pure, And
4. This beau - ti - ful stream is the Riv - er of life! It
5. O will ye not drink of this beau - ti - ful stream, And

flows thro' our Fa - ther's land? Its wa - ters gleam bright in the
fields of e - ter - nal green; Where songs of the blest, in their
sweet to the wea - ry soul, It flows from the throne of Je -
flows for all na - tions free! A balm for each wound in its
dwell on this peace - ful shore? The Spir - it says come, all ye

heav - en - ly light, And rip - ple o'er gold - en sand.
heav - en of rest, Floats soft on the air se - rene.
ho - vah a - lone, Oh, come where the bright waves roll.
wa - ter is found; Oh, sin - ner it flows for thee!
wea - ry ones home, And wan - der in sin no more.

CHORUS.

Oh, seek that beau - ti - ful stream, Seek now that beau-ti - ful stream;

Its wa - ters so free are flow-ing for thee; Oh, seek that beau-ti-ful stream.

By permission.

No. 4. Let Your Light Shine, Brother.

REV. WALLACE R. STRUBLE. WILLIS BROWN.

1. The night of sin is dark and drear, Let your light
2. The clouds of doubt are low - 'ring dark, Let your faith
3. The world is lost in sin and shame, Let your works
4. With ten - der heart and kind - ly tone, Let your love
5. The sail - ors tossed on sea of sin, Let your light

shine, broth-er, let it shine; But the day will dawn, for God is
shine, broth-er, let it shine; Keep your face like flint tow'rd the heav'nly
shine, broth-er, let them shine; Lift the fall - en up in the Sav-ior's
shine, broth-er, let it shine; Tell the world that Christ died to save his
shine, broth-er, let it shine; By your beacon's gleam they may enter

near, Let your light shine, broth - er, let it shine.
mark, Let your faith shine, broth - er, let it shine.
name, Let your works shine, broth - er, let them shine.
own, Let your love shine, broth - er, let it shine.
in, Let your light shine, broth - er. let it shine.

CHORUS.

Let it shine, Let it shine. Let your light shine bright and clear,
Let it shine, Let it shine,

Tho'the night is dark, yet the dawn is near, Let your light shine, brother, let it shine.

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No. 5. Wonderful Peace.

REV. W. D. CORNELL. Alt. REV. W. G. COOPER.

1. Far a - way in the depths of my spir - it to-night, Rolls a
2. What a treas - ure I have in this won-der-ful peace Bur- ied
3. I am rest - ing to-night in this won-der-ful peace, Rest- ing
4. And me thinks when I rise to that Cit - y of peace, Where the
5. Ah! soul, are you here with-out com-fort or rest, Marching

mel - o - dy sweet-er than psalm; In ce - les - tial like strains it un-
deep in the heart of my soul; So se - cure that no pow - er can
sweet-ly in Je - sus' con - trol; For I'm kept from all dan - ger by
Au-thor of peace I shall see, That one strain of the song which the
down the rough pathway of time! Make Je - sus your friend ere the

ceas - ing - ly falls O'er my soul like an in - fi - nite calm.
mine it a - way, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.
night and by day, And his glo - ry is flood - ing my soul.
ransomed will sing, In that heav - en - ly king - dom will be.
shad-ows grow dark; Oh, ac - cept of this peace so sub - lime.

CHORUS.

Peace! Peace! Wonderful peace, Coming down from the Father a-bove; Sweep

o - ver my spir - it for - ev - er I pray, In fathomless billows of love.

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No. 6. A Friend of Mine.

REV. M. W. GIFFORD. REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. In dark-est hours of sin and shame, My heart was fill'd with sadness;
2. I laid on him my ev-'ry care: He glad-ly bore my sor-row;
3. When Sa-tan's host my soul as-sailed, This precious Savior found me,
4. When tempests dark obscured my light, And tri-als sore distressed me,
5. And when I seemed to touch the floods Of Jor-dan's swell-ing riv-er,
6. And now my life I give to him Who back from death has led me;

But Je-sus saved me from my sins, And filled my soul with glad-ness.
And sweetly whis-pered in my heart Of brightness on the mor-row.
My heart be-fore the tempter quailed, But he a victor crowned me.
He stayed beside me thro' the night, And to his heart he pressed me.
I took from him the bit-ter cup, And sweet-ly praised the giv-er.
And dai-ly of his bounteous grace, With food di-vine has fed me.

CHORUS.

O, Je-sus is a friend of mine, Much nearer than a broth-er;

I've proved him faithful man-y a time, And like him there's no other.

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No. 7. Redemption.

W. B. WILLIS BROWN.

REFRAIN.

We sing of re-demp-tion, we sing of our King; With joy and with gladness our homage we bring.

1. We once were out-casts, wand'ring a-far; We knew not the Sav-ior's love, But we caught a glimpse of the gates a-jar, And turned to the home a-bove.

2. We turn'd from sin and dark-est night, De-spair and our sin-ful-ness, And we looked to Christ, and He gave us the light And love of His face so blest.

3. And so we sing re-demp-tion's song; Its power to make us free; And we go thro' life with the heav-en-ly throngs, To a home, dear Je-sus with Thee.

CHORUS.

And Jesus sav'd us; His blood redeem'd us; His mercy keeps us day by day.

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No. 8. When we Walk in the Light of God.

T. M. B. T. M. BOWDISH.

1. Oh how hap - py are we, Who in Je - sus a - gree, When we walk in the light of God, We have peace from a-bove, We are filled with his love, When we walk in the light of God.

2. We are led day by day, In his own bless-ed way, When we walk in the light of God, By his dear lov - ing side We may sweet - ly a - bide, When we walk in the light of God.

3. Oh 'tis heav - en be - low, Our Re - deem - er to know, When we walk in the light of God, At his blest mer - cy seat, Find-ing com - fort so sweet, When we walk in the light of God.

4. Je - sus, all the day long, Is our joy and our song, When we walk in the light of God, We may lean on his breast And en- joy per - fect rest, When we walk in the light of God.

CHORUS.

When we walk, in the light, When we walk in the light of God,
When we walk, in the light,
Oh the joy we may know as we journey below, When we walk in the light of God.

By per. of T. M. Bowdish, Brockwayville, Pa.

No. 9. Stop Drifting.

W. B. WILLIS BROWN.

Smoothly.

1. There is a riv-er that flows a - long, So calm-ly and se - rene,
2. We start to ride its wa - ters calm, We drift adown its tide,

No dan-ger to its waves be-long, For they can scarce be seen.
With lit - tle thought but pleasure's balm, Tho' swifter we may ride.

CHORUS.

O, do you know you are drift - ing, Drift-ing a - way down sin's thought-less tide? Stop drift-ing, Christ up-lift - ing,
Stop drifting, Christ up-lift-ing,

rit.

Pull close to Je-sus' side. (Jesus' side.)

3

Yes, drifting swifter down the stream,
Until we're safe no more;
The current, swift, that once did seem
Scarce moving from the shore.

4

There's only One can save you now,
As on you swiftly go.
O, Sinner, cry, before Christ bow,
He'll saving power bestow.

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No. 10. When We Come.

W. B. WILLIS BROWN.

1. When we come to a moun - tain so high and steep, That
2. When we come to the val - ley of doubt and gloom, With
3. When we come to the riv - er so deep and wide, And
4. When we come to the end of our path and see The

stands in the path where our life roads meet, And rocks and stones bruise our
mists hanging o - ver this hill-side tomb, That to en - ter seems but to
we can-not cross its swelling tide, To reach the shore on the
gold - en gates and the jasper sea, And the glorious home where

CHORUS.

wea - ry feet, Who will help us up its side? O, Je - sus, our leader,
seal our doom, Who will cheer us thro' the vale?
oth - er side, Who will bear us safe a-cross?
mansions be, Who will bid us en - ter there?

Je - sus, our guide, Je - sus is ev - er close by our side, O'er

mountain, in valley, on riv - er so wide, With Jesus we'll safely a - bide.

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No. 11. I Am Resting in the Savior's Love.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. D. E. Dortch, by per

1. Oh, my heart is thrilled with wondrous joy to - day, I am resting in the
2. At the fount-ain opened for the soul un-clean, I am resting in the
3. All my doubts are vanished, all my fears are gone, I am resting in the
4. O the peace and rapture! O the won-drous bliss! I am resting in the
5. So I live re - joic-ing in His love each day, I am resting in the

Sav-ior's love; Christ, the Lord, has tak-en all my sins a - way, I am
Sav-ior's love; Trust-ing in His grace I ventured free-ly in, I am
Sav-ior's love; When I trust - ed Je-sus, lo, the work was done! I am
Sav-ior's love; I have nev - er known so pure a joy as this; I am
Sav-ior's love; I am walk - ing with Him in the narrow way, I am

Refrain.

resting in the Savior's love. I am resting, sweet - ly resting,
I am rest-ing, rest-ing, sweetly resting,

I am rest-ing in the Sav - ior's love; I am rest - ing,

sweet - - ly rest-ing, I am rest-ing in the Sav - ior's love.
rest - ing, sweet-ly rest - ing,

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No. 12. Marching on to Glory.

CLYDE E. HUNT. J. M. HUNT.

1. We are chil-dren with a hap - py song, Hearts of glad - ness
2. Sin is with us all the toil - some day, Je - sus died to
3. We are sol-diers march-ing brave-ly on; Christ, our Cap - tain,

all the way a - long; Cheer for lone ones, and a lov - ing word,
cleanse it all a - way; How we love him for his ten - der care,
God's own pre - cious Son; Come and join us as we glad - ly sing,

CHORUS.

In the name of Je - sus, and our Savior, Lord. Marching on to glory,
May we all be his a - lone, is our true pray'r.
We shall march vic-to-ri-ous thro' Christ our King.

comrades brave; First our sins to conquer, strong to save; Marching on to vict'ry

In his blessed name, We will try to save the world, our Christ proclaim.

From Songs of Zion by per.

No. 13. Alone With Jesus.

W. B. WILLIS BROWN.

1. In bus - y cares and du - ties, The world brings ev - 'ry day,
2. How oft - en when in sor - row, When tri - al's tem - pests sweep,
3. We oft - en have temp - ta - tions, We fol - low in - to sin,
4. The hur - ried ways, and liv - ing, Will some-time cease to be,

In tur - moil hard and wea-ry, That surrounds in ev - 'ry way,
O, for one hour of resting, In some sure and safe re - treat;
Our strength a-lone can nev - er, In life's con - flicts hope to win,
The time is sure - ly coming, When from strug-gles you'll be free.

Do you ev-er stop and vis - it All a - lone with Je - sus, say!
We can rest a - lone with Je-sus, For with Him's com-mun-ion sweet.
But comes Jesus with His knocking, Ask-ing, plead - ing to come in.
Stop a moment, talk with Je-sus, He is wait - ing now for thee.

CHORUS.

Are you ev-er all a - lone with Je - sus, And in silence hear Him say,

"All a - lone I suffered for thee?" Wilt thou not now bid Him stay?"

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No 14. Blessed Assurance.

F. J. Crosby. Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.

1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of glo-ry di-vine! Heir of Sal-va-tion, Purchase of God, Born of his
2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rap-ture now burst on my sight, An-gels de-send-ing, bring from a-bove Ech-oes of
3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-ior am hap-py and blest, Watching and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove, Filled with his

Chorus.

Spir-it, washed in his blood.
mer-cy, whis-pers of love.
good-ness, lost in his love.
This is my sto-ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long; This is my sto-ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long.

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No. 15. Out in the Highway.

W. B. WILLIS BROWN.

1. Out in the highways and by-ways of sin Lost ones are wandering,
2. We are com-mand-ed to go seek the lost, Wait not the seek - ing,
3. That we might have His most won-der - ful love, Je - sus was will - ing,
4. Come now to Je - sus and leave sin's highway, His grace is sav - ing,

.....(wandering,) wan-der-ing, They know not the feast that's waiting within, They
.....(seeking,) seek - ing, Bring wand'rers to Christ, whatever the cost, For
.....(willing,) will - ing, To leave His bright home in mansions above, Was
.....(saving,) sav - ing, O, do not de-lay, de-cide now and say, "O,

CHORUS.

heed not the Sav-ior's calling, calling, calling. Out in the highways,
them Je - sus now is waiting, waiting, waiting.
slain, and for us was dying, dying, dying.
Christ, to Thee now I'm coming, coming, coming.

call - ing.

Out in the by - ways, Go seek the lost ones, Bid them come in;

Je-sus stands waiting, pa- tient-ly waiting, No longer wander in sin.

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No. 16. I'll go Where You Want me to go.

MARY BROWN. CARRIE E. ROUNSEFEL.

Andante.

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or ov - er the storm-y sea;
2. Perhaps to - day there are loving words Which Jesus would have me speak—
3. There's surely somewhere a low - ly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide—

It may not be at the bat-tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek—
Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus the cru - ci - fied—

But if by a still small voice he calls To paths that I do not know,
O Sav - ior, if thou wilt be my guide, tho' dark and rug-ged the way,
So trust - ing my all to thy ten - der care, And knowing thou lov est me,

:S: FINE.

I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall ech - o the mes-sage sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do thy will with a heart sin-cere, I'll be what you want me to be.

D. S. I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

REFRAIN. D.S.

I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, Over mountains, or plain or sea;

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No. 17. Thy Sheltering Wings.

(May be sung as a Solo or Duet.)

W. B. WILLIS BROWN.

1. The storms they beat and angry roar, The waves dash high along life's shore;
2. When foes without and foes within, Seek hard to draw me in - to sin,
3. When heav-y clouds hang over-head, When living hopes seem well nigh dead,
4. When death shall close my weary eyes, When darkness veils life's clouded skies,

But dan - gers do no harm to me, For Thou, O, Christ doth shelter me.
To Christ, my ref-uge will I flee, For 'neath His wings will shelter be.
To Christ I turn, He will en-dure, And find in Him my shelter sure.
I will not fear, dear Lord, in Thee, I'll shel - ter find e - ter - nal-ly.

CHORUS.

Thy sheltering wings, Thy sheltering wings, They shelter me, they shelter me,

Thy sheltering wings, Thy sheltering wings, They hide me, and bid dangers flee.

NOTE— If sung as a Solo, the alto of the Chorus with the exception of last two measures may be sung if desired.

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No. 18. The Walls Are Coming Down.

M. W. G.

Rev. M. W. Gifford. Arr. by Mrs. H. H. Markham.

1. We're marching round old Jer - i - cho, Its walls are great and high;
2. The forts of sin have long withstood The heaviest gos-pel gun;
3. The Ca-naan-ites are sore dismayed, Their hearts begin to melt;

We're bound to see its o-ver-throw; The end is drawing nigh;
We're going to march a - round by faith; The siege is now be - gun;
The Lord our God is with His host; His pow'r is surely felt;

Our God has prom-ised vic - to - ry By trumpet and by song,
The gates of sin are swinging back, The tow'rs al-read-y bow;
The peo - ple all are trembling now, So let the Christians sing;

So let us shout the shout of faith, The trumpet soundeth long.
Its an-cient walls be - gin to crack, We're sure to en - ter now.
The promised land we'll soon possess, The world for Christ our King!

Chorus.

Shout! Shout the vic - to - ry, The trum-pet sound-eth long;

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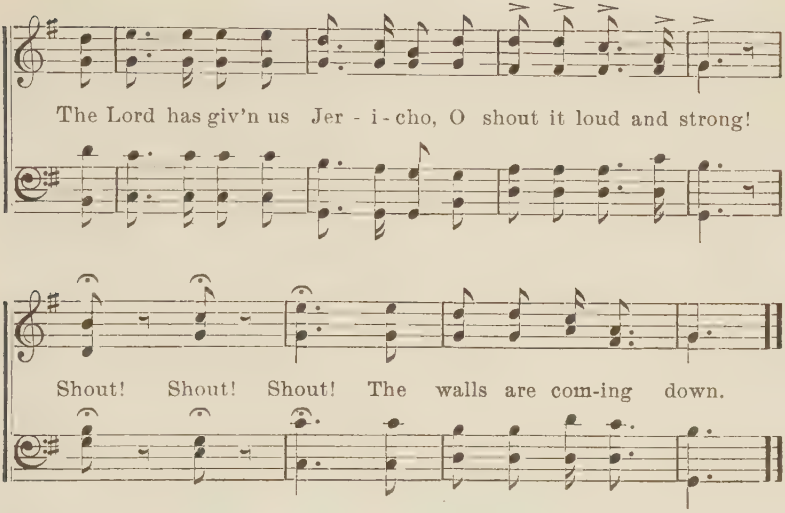
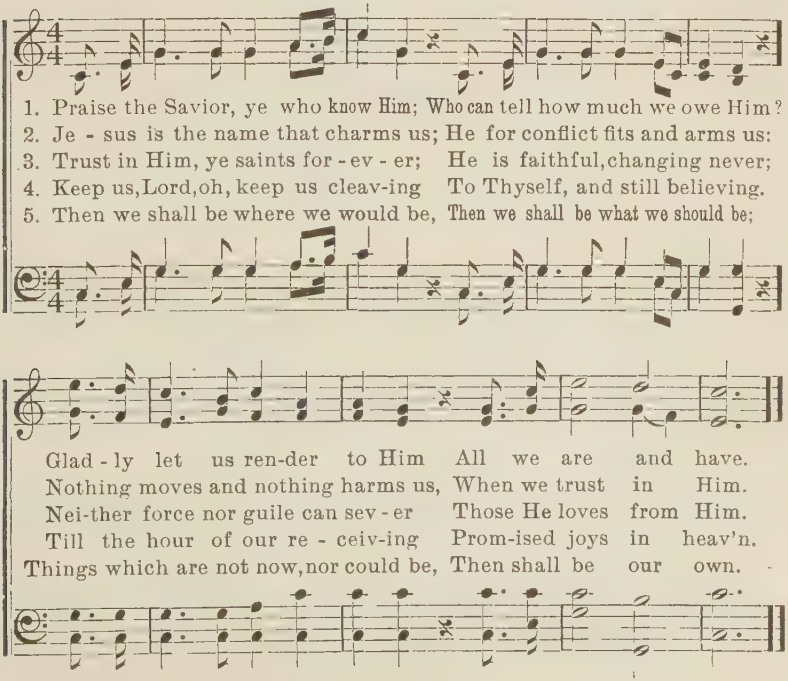
The Walls Are Coming Down. Concluded.



No. 19. Praise the Savior.

T. Kelly. German Melody.



No. 20. O Come.

G. H. C. GRACE HELEN CAREY.

1. Are you liv - ing in sor-row and sin and des - pair?
2. Are you sick of sin's ser-vice, its mis - 'ry and shame?
3. Is Sa - tan your mas-ter? why suf - fer him stay, When
4. O what joy in His ser-vice, what peace and de - light, When

Je-sus the Savior will come, He will come. Are you weary of burdens, so
Je-sus the Savior will come, He will come. O be-lieve on His promise, and
Je-sus the Savior will come, He will come. Take Je - sus and drive ev-il's
Je-sus the Savior has come, He has come. The bil-lows of sin will

heav - y to bear? Je - sus the Savior will come, He will come.
call on His name, Je - sus the Savior will come, He will come.
mon-ster a - way, And Je - sus the Savior will come, He will come.
ne'er more affright, When Je - sus the Savior has come, He has come.

CHORUS.

Jesus the Savior is pleading for thee, He lovingly calleth, "Come unto Me."

On - ly be-lieve. His love now receive, Come while He call-eth, O come.

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No. 21. Take Hold of His Hand.

W. B. WILLIS BROWN.

1. Are you walk-ing a - lone in un - cer - tain paths, Do you
2. The sure wa - ges of sin is death and de - spair, Do you
3. Does your heart not need the cleans-ing di - vine, To be

some - times lose the way? Is the path - way steep and
dread the sin - ner's fate? Why not take the hand held
washed as white as snow? From His hands, and side the

hard to tread, Do your feet in dan - ger stray?
out to you, O then why do you still wait?
blood has flowed, O, be washed in the crim - son flow.

CHORUS.

O, take Jesus' hand, Take hold of His hand, He offers it now to you, Don't

struggle alone in a dangerous way, Take hold of His hand, He will guide you true.

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No. 22. Safe in the Glory Land.

Words Arranged. T. M. Bowdish.

1. In the good old way, where the saints have gone, And the King leads on be - fore us; We are trav - 'ling home to the prom - ised land, With the day - star shin - ing o'er us!
2. In the good old way, with an anch - 'ring hope, And our hearts for Zi - on yearn - ing; We are trav - 'ling home at the King's command, With our lamps all trimmed and burn - ing!
3. In the good old way, with a stead - fast faith, In the bonds of love aud un - ion; Oh, what joy is ours, For the King we see, And with him hold sweet com - mun - ion!
4. In the good old way, 'till our feet shall stand On the brink of Jor - dan's riv - er; With the King we'll cross to the oth - er side, There to sing his praise for - ev - er!

Chorus.

Trav'ling home to the man-sions fair, Crowns everlasting we soon shall wear!

Oh, what a shout, when we all meet there Safe in the glo - ry land.

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No. 23. In the Cross of Christ I Glory.

Chorus and arrangement by WILLIS BROWN.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes deceive and fears an - noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and love up - on my way,
4. Bain and bless-ing, pain and pleas-ure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;

All the light of sa - cred sto - ry, Gathers round its head sub - lime.
Nev - er shall the cross for-sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the radiance streaming, Adds new lus - ter to the day.
Peace is there, that knows no measure, Joy that thro' all time a - bide.

CHORUS.

In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, From the cross a crim-son flood
Flowed a ran-som for the sin - ner, I am saved by cleansing blood.

By permission.

No. 24. God's Promises.

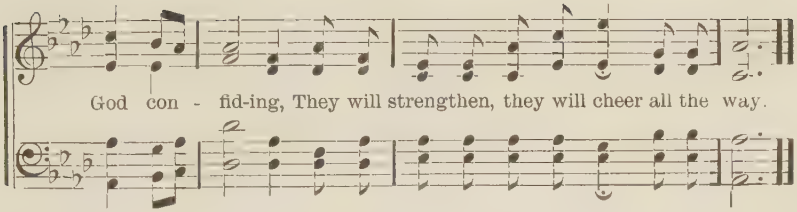
C. L. E. C. L. Eby.

1. Oh, the prom-is-es of God are pre-cious If you fal-ter not, nor fear to stand! Dear-est prom-ise mor-tal man can cov-et: "I will lead you gent-ly by the hand."
2. Oh, the prom-is-es of God are pre-cious When by faith you hold them safe and sure! Then there comes the sweetest, dearest an-swer: "I will lead and guide you ev-er more."
3. Oh, the prom-is-es of God are pre-cious When by faith you cling to them a-lone! Wait-ing till as-sur-ance comes so gra-cious—'Tis an an-swer from the Fa-ther's throne."
4. Oh, the prom-is-es of God are pre-cious To a pil-grim, as he sighs for home! Noth-ing else on earth can cheer his spir-it; Noth-ing else would bid him cease to roam.

Chorus. I will lead you I will guide you;
"I will lead you all the way, yes, I will guide you ev-'ry day; On-ly trust with all your heart the words I say." In the promises of words I say."

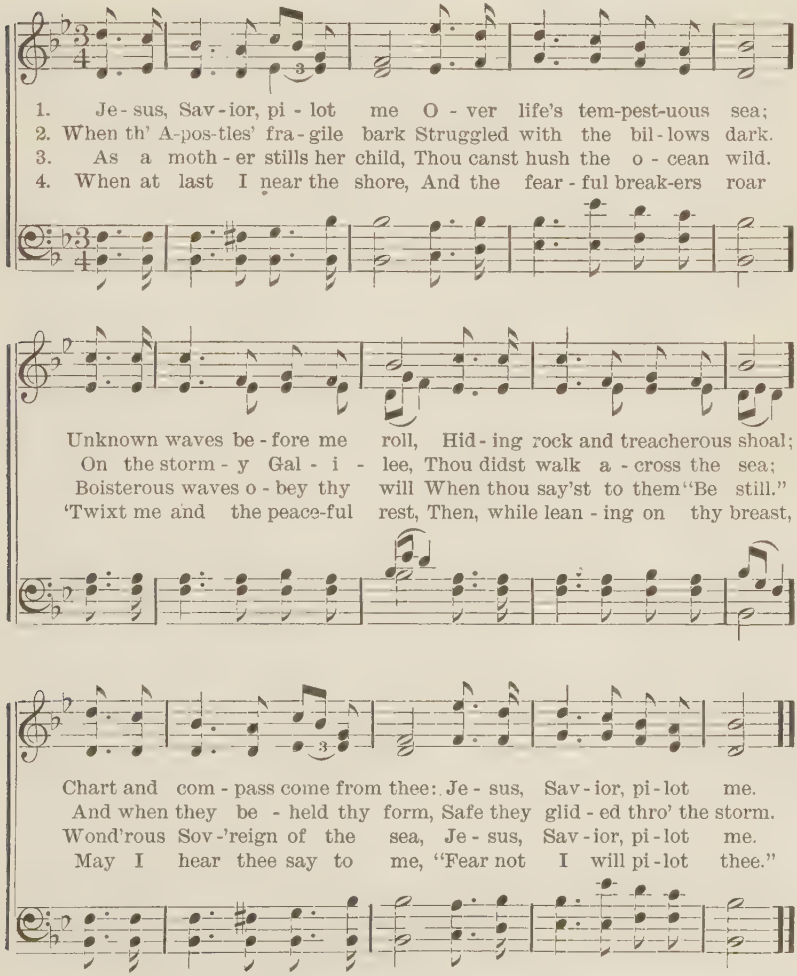
By per. R. C. Ward.

God's Promises. Concluded.



No. 25. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

J. E. Gould.



No. 26. One Little Word.

ABBIE ARMSTRONG. WILLIS BROWN.

Last v. and CHORUS. by W. B.

1. On - ly a word, 'twas a lit - tle thing, But it
2. 'Twas on - ly a word, but the sad lips smiled; 'Twas a
3. 'Tis by our words that a - far and wide Go
4. Then speak a word to the ones you meet, And

pierced the heart with a cru - el sting, And it brought the
word of cheer from a lit - tle child, But it calmed a
care - less ring - ing o'er land and tide, That we'll be con-
tell them of Je - sus; His mer - cy seat; How His love will

tears from their hidden spring; 'Twas on - ly the sting of a has - ty
spir - it with anguish wild. They are on - ly words, but the an-gel's
demned or be jus - ti - fied. Then, O, what at last shall the rec - ord
give them a safe re - treat; And the troubled heart can find comfort

word, But the heart has felt, and the ear has heard, And a soul with
pen Is writing the words of the sons of men, We must meet them
be, Of the words that are spoken by you and me? For, ah! they shall
there, The wea-ry find rest from their load of care, That Je - sus will

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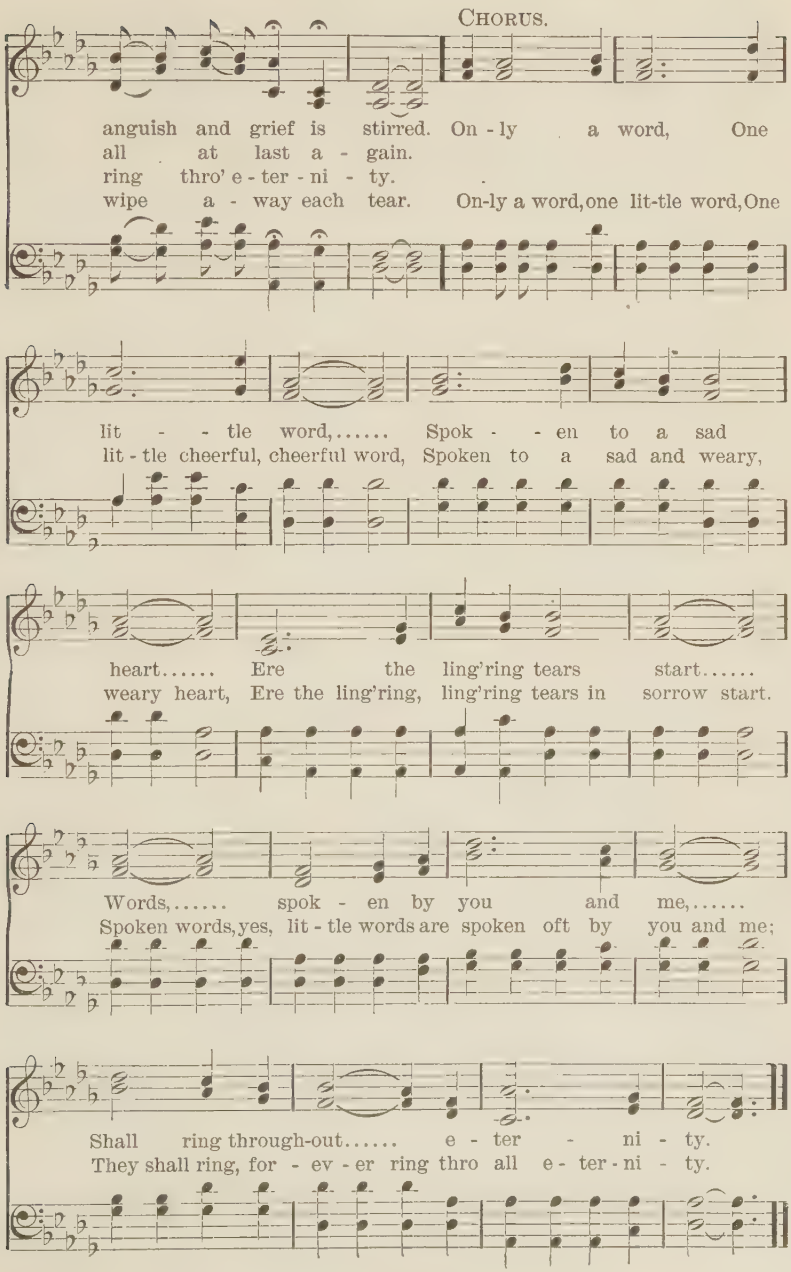
One Little Word. Concluded.



No. 27. Blind Bartimeus.

MRS. J. F. K. MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. Whence Je - sus came, I can - not tell, Nor why he came to me;
2. When all was dark, one touch'd my eyes, And that is all I know;
3. How it was done, I can - not say, Nor e - ven think nor dream;
4. It is the Son of God! His grace makes trembling weakness strong;

One thing I know and know it well: Tho' I was blind, I see!
For light came down from par - a - dise, And set my soul a - glow.
Nor why a touch of moistened clay Should make things what they seem.
Wipes tears a - way from sor-row's face, And teach - es grief a song.

CHORUS. *Ad lib.*

I once was blind but now I see! And that is
I once was blind but now I see! And that is
I once was blind but now I see! And that is
I once was blind but now I see! And that is

Tempo.

news e-nough for me, And that is news e-nough for me.
light e-nough for me, And that is light e-nough for me.
truth e-nough for me, And that is truth e-nough for me.
joy e-nough for me, And that is joy e-nough for me.

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No. 28. Christ Doth Cheer.

W. B.

WILLIS BROWN.

1. O Je - sus has come to dwell With - in my heart and life; His
2. What comfort and peace and cheer, He gives me on my way; With
3. Come join in the hap - py way, That leads to glo - ry land; O,

blessings I'll ev-er tell To those in sin-ful strife, For Jesus is sure, His
Him as a guide, no fear Can ev - er with me stay. O, Jesus, my guide Is
why from joy will you stray? Come join the Savior's band, O, do not delay, But

joy will en - dure; With Him in my heart, all's well.
near to my side; I'm safe when the Sav - ior's near.
come now to - day; Take Je - sus while yet you may.

CHORUS.

Jesus my heart doth cheer, My Savior is ever near; My joyful song I'll raise,

His holy name I'll praise; Let the glad song ring clear, For Christ doth cheer.

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No. 29. True Love to One's Neighbor.

A. A. A. REV. A. A. ARMEN.

1. There's man - y a strang - er on life's wea - ry way, That
2. The Priest and the Le - vite are found ev - 'ry day, Who
3. How sad to see fa - thers and moth - ers to - day, so
4. How sad to see daugh-ters and sons by the way, Who've

sin has left bleeding and sore; We find them on Jer - i - co's
hear not the pit - i - ful cry; They bind up no bruis - es, they
bruised and so man-gled by sin; With - out an - y pit - y from
fal - len by sin's ruthless blade; They might be made hap - py, and

road ev - 'ry day, Whose state we should deep - ly de - plore.
of - fer no aid, But leave them to suf - fer and die.
those who pass by, While Je - sus would have them brought in.
use - ful in life If some - one would ten - der them aid.

CHORUS.

O! who will lend (O! who will lend) a helping hand? (a helping hand?) For
Christ is surely calling you, (calling you,) O! who will lend (O! who will lend) a helping

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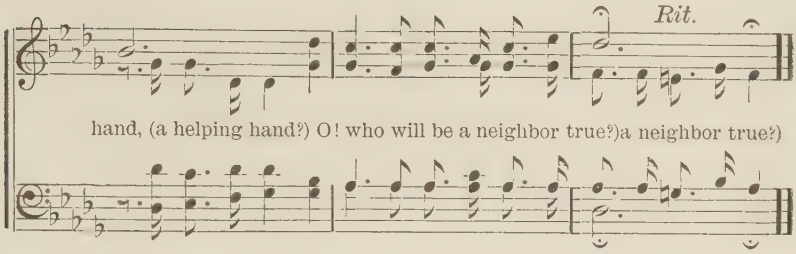
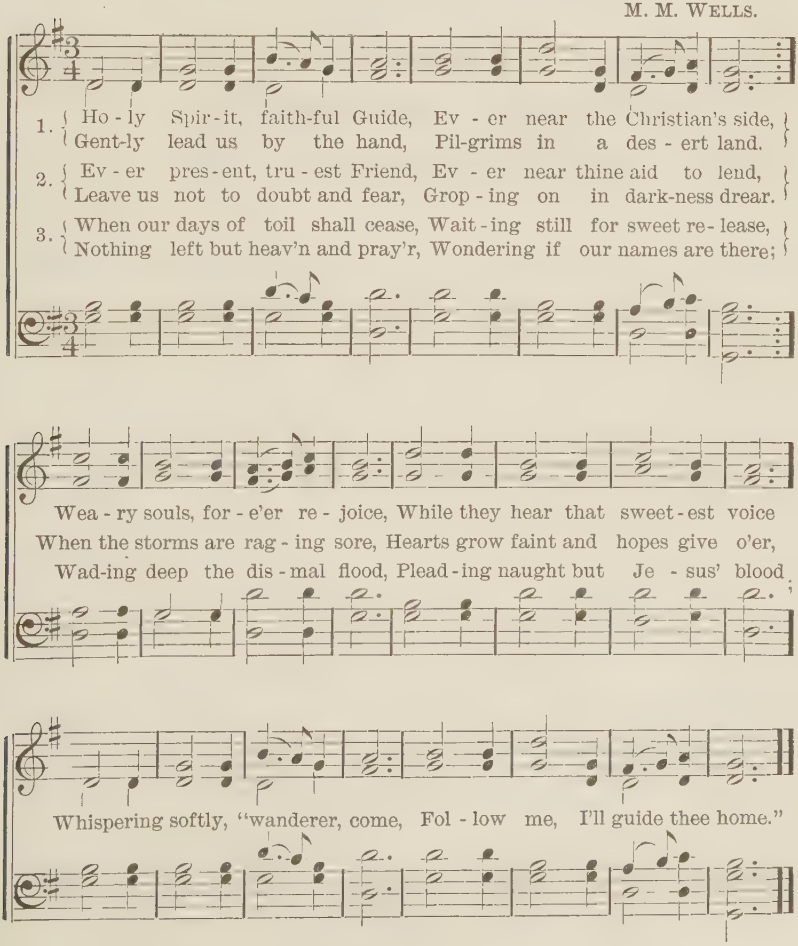
True Love to One's Neighbor. Concluded.



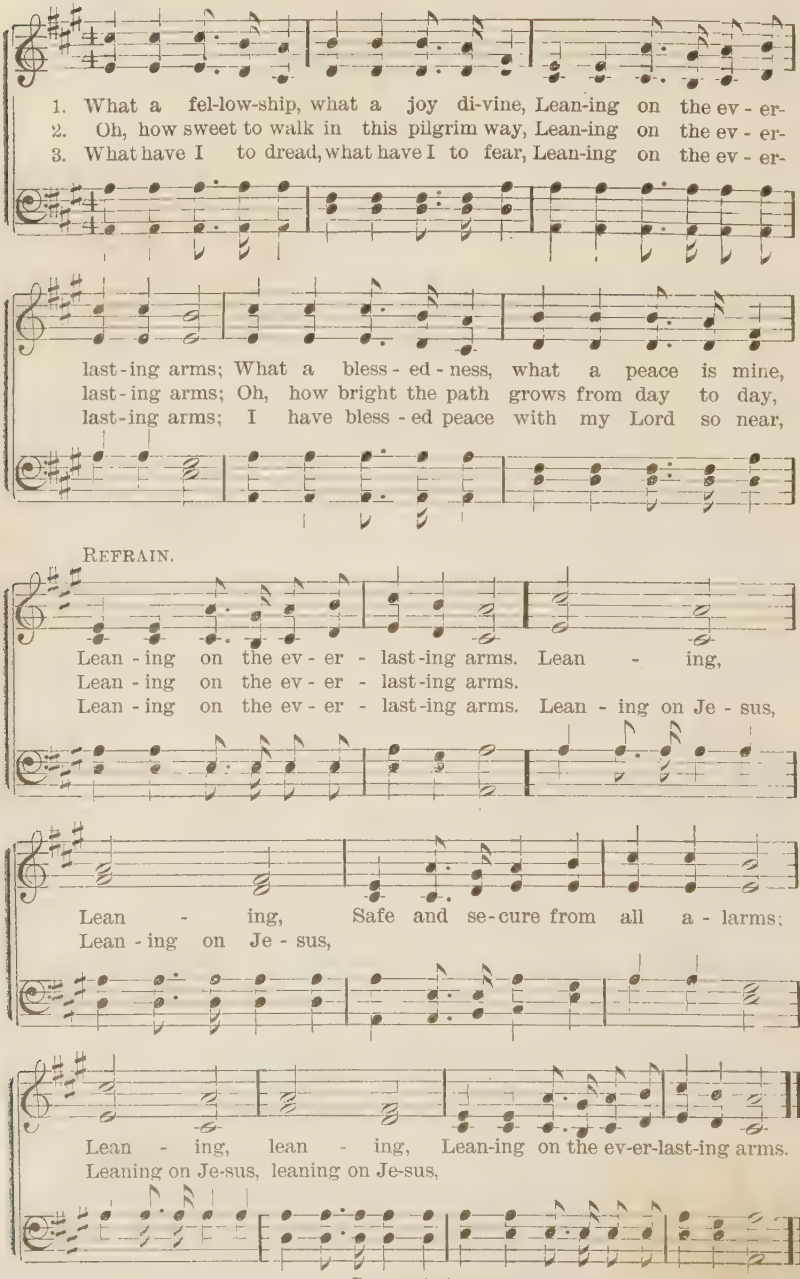
No. 30. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. WELLS.



No. 31. Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER.



By permission.

No. 32. Jesus was Speaking to me.

REV. GEO. H. BROWN. MRS. WILLIS BROWN.

1. Once I knew not the Sav - ior of men, Drift - ing was
2. He had pow - er my sins to de - stroy; His lov - ing
3. When from Je - sus I wan - dered a - way, In the lone
4. Then a - gain I o - beyed the sweet voice, That ev - er
5. When the cares of life come, and with all The tri - als

I on sin's swell - ing tide, From Glo - ry's throne, I
call in mer - cy was given, Par - don I found, and
path where he could not be, Un - der the cloud I
woos from path - ways of sin, O, broth - er now if
hard, and sor - rows be - side; Once more the voice of

heard a voice then "Come un - to me, thy foot-steps I'll guide."
peace, O, the joy! Saved, and for me the rich - es of heaven.
heard a voice say, "Stray not, my child, cling clos - er to me."
you would re - joice, Give him your heart, yes, let Je - sus in.
Je - sus doth call, "Trust, and with thee I'll ev - er a - bide."

CHORUS.

O, it was Jesus speaking to me, Yes, it was Je - sus speaking to me;

My heart did rejoice, When I heard the sweet voice Of Je-sus speaking to me.

Copyright, 1898, by Willis Brown.

No. 33. Jesus, My Savior.

ROBT. VANDER. DR. V. D. WHYTE.

1. Je - sus, my Sav-ior, I come now to Thee, Thou who didst die on
2. Of - ten when darkness and tri - als sur-round, Then, O, my Savior, let
3. When sin's temptations would draw me a - side, Wilt Thou, my Savior, in
4. When at the last, when life's fe - ver is o'er, And dy- ing means but to

Cal - va - ry's tree; Cast all my sins at the foot of the cross;
Thy love a - bound, For with thy love sor-rows van - ish a - way;
me then a - bide, If friends for - sake and a - lone I am left,
live ev - er- more, Liv - ing with Je - sus in mansions a bove,

rit.

All.... now to me is gain, that I once did count, was naught but loss.
And.... in my heart comes peace, Thy sweet peace is joy, my guide and stay.
O,.... then I'll quickly flee to the rock that for me has been cleft.
For - ev - er I will dwell in Thy presence, Thy a - bid - ing love.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, my Savior, I come to Thee; Take now my soul and set it

free. What - e'er be - tide, Be Thou my guide, I shall be sat-is - fied

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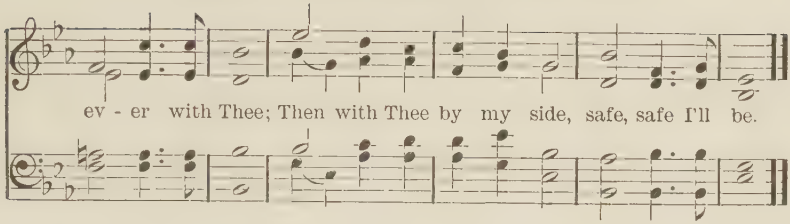
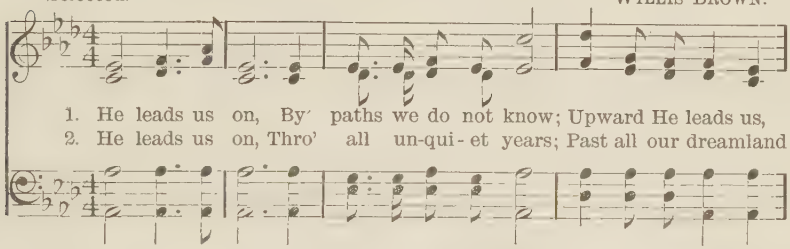
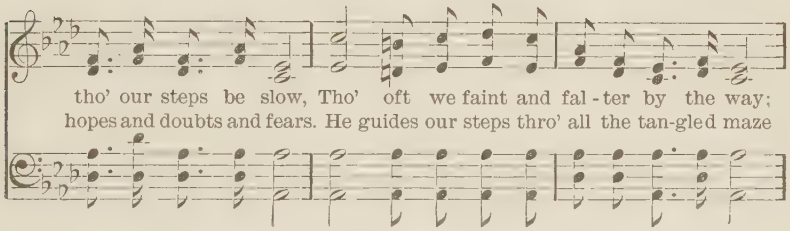
Jesus, My Savior. Concluded.

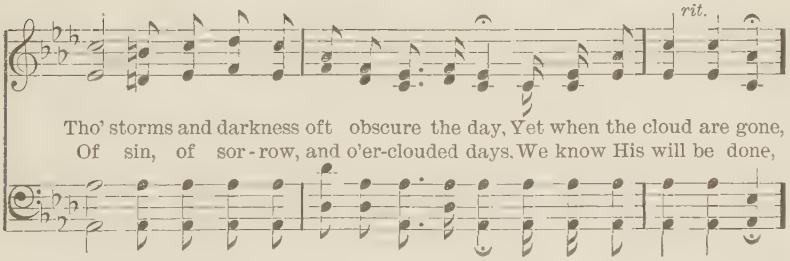


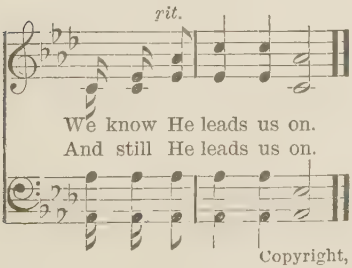
No. 34. He Leads Us On.

Selected. WILLIS BROWN.









3.

And He at last,
After weary strife,
After the restless fever we call life,
After the dreariness, the aching pain,
The many struggles which have proved in vain,
After our trials past,—
Will give us rest at last.

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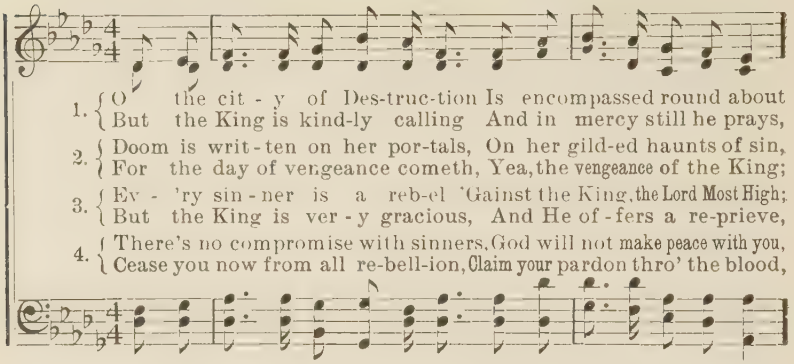
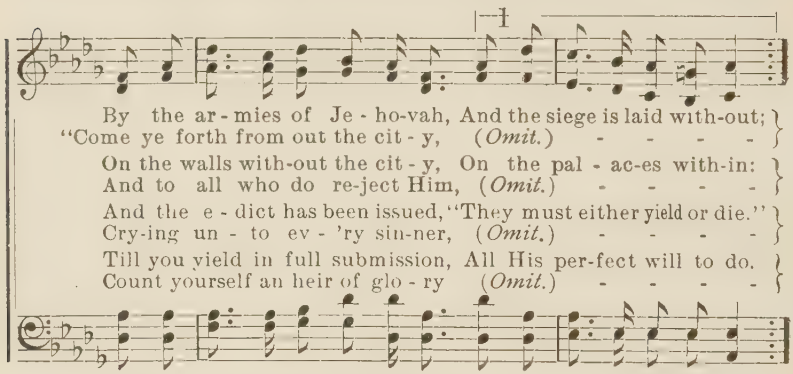
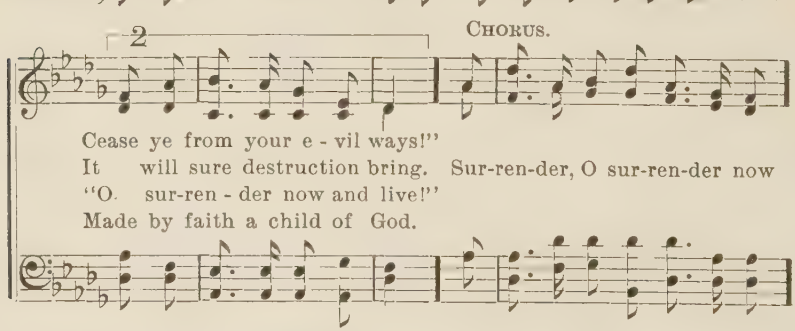
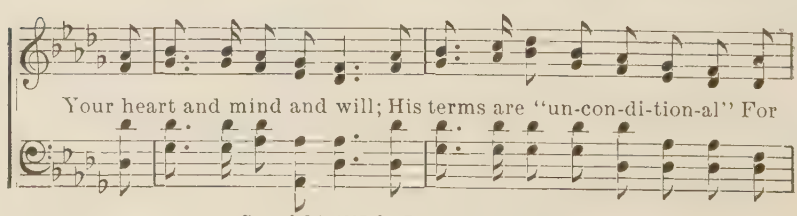
No. 35. Unconditional Surrender.

Rev. M. W. Gifford. Mrs. H. H. Markham.









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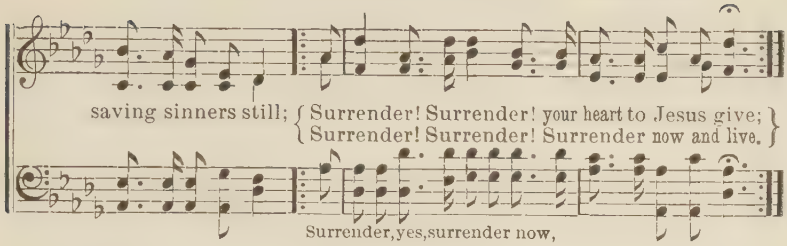
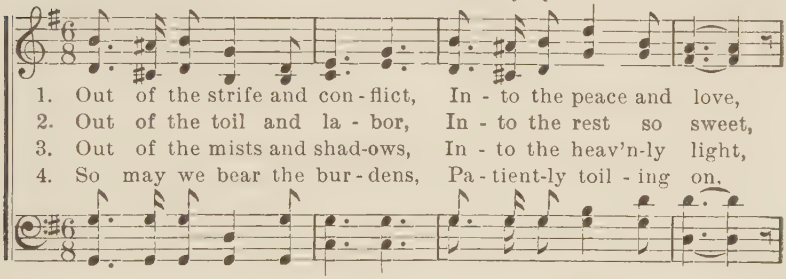
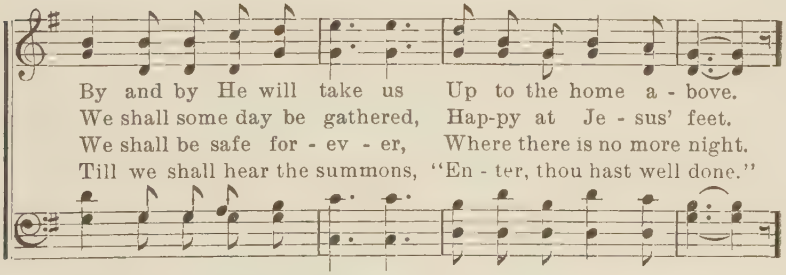
Unconditional Surrender. Concluded.

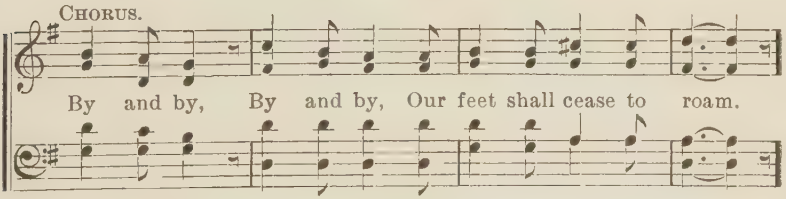


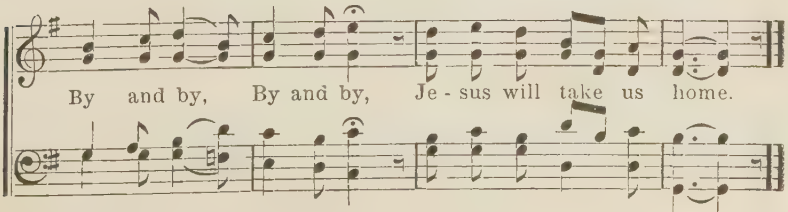
No. 36. By and By.

Mrs. Wm. M. B. Melody by Mrs. Wm. M. Bell.









From "Tidal Wave," by per. of R. C. Ward, owner of copyright.

No. 37. Seeking.

W. B. WILLIS BROWN.

1. The shep- herd seeks the lost, Out on the mountains bleak, Tho'
2. Why leave the shel - ter fold, When all is peace with - in? With
3. O en-ter the sheep -fold safe, Does not the call sound clear? Why

storms beat and blow, He the lost doth seek; What tho'
no guide with - out, You'll wan-der in - to sin. What tho'
wan - der a - lone When there's a Shep - herd near? What tho'

night be on, One of the lambs are gone, And He is seeking, seeking.
you be brave, The shepherd a - lone can save, So He is seeking, seeking.
now 'tis light, Swift comes the darkest night; Come while He's seeking, seeking.

CHORUS.

Seeking lost ones dear, He seek-eth thee, O His voice now hear, (now hear;)

Come while He is near, (is near.) From dan- ger flee, Christ, the

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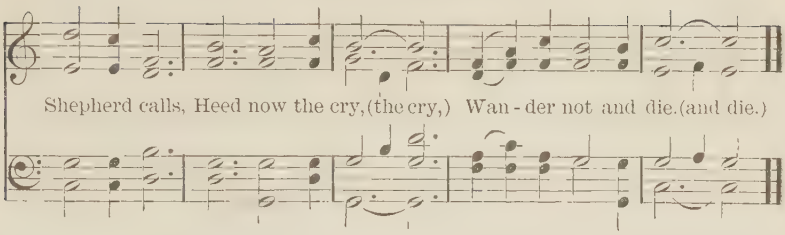
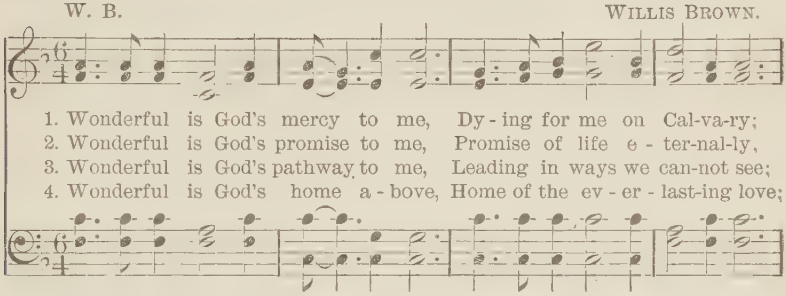
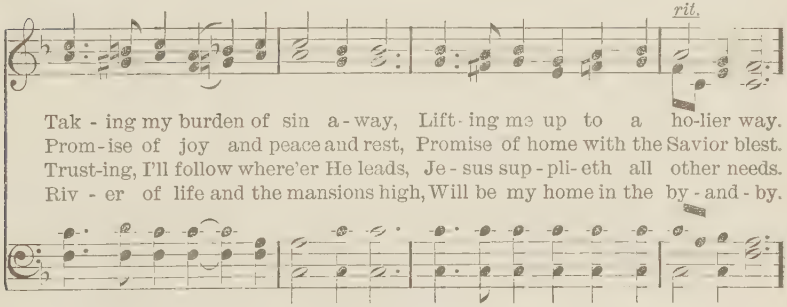
Seeking. Concluded.

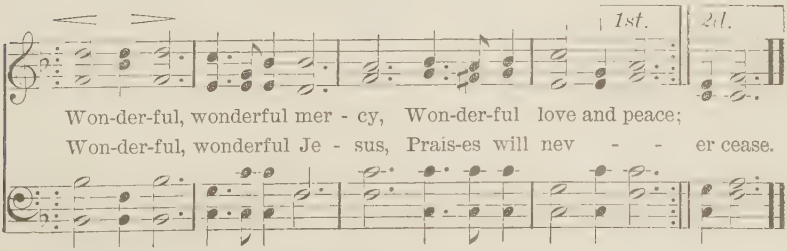


No. 38. Wonderful.

W. B. WILLIS BROWN.







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No. 39. Nearer Home.

Rev. B. H. Hunt. J. M. Hunt.

1. O'er the hills the sun is set-ting, And the eve is drawing on;
2. One day near-er, sings the sail-or, As he glides the waters o'er,
3. Worn and wea-ry, oft the pil-grim Hails the set-ting of the sun;
4. Near-er home, yes, one day nearer To our Father's home on high,

Slow-ly droops the gen-tle twi-light, For an-oth-er day is gone;
While the light is soft-ly dy-ing On his dis-tant na-tive shore.
For the goal is one day near-er, And his journey nearly done.
To the green fields and the fountains, Of the land beyond the sky.

Gone for aye, its race is o-ver, Soon the dark-er shades will come,
Thus the Christian on life's o-cean, As his light boat cuts the foam,
Thus we feel when o'er life's desert, Heart and sandal worn, we roam,
For the heav'ns grow brighter o'er us, And the lamps hang in the dome,

Still 'tis sweet to know at ev-en, We are one day nearer home.
In the evening cries with rapture, "I am one day nearer home.
As the twi-light gathers o'er us, We are one day nearer home.
And our tents are pitched still closer, For we're one day nearer home.

Chorus.

Nearer home, nearer home, Nearer to . . . our home on
Beautiful home, beautiful home, Nearer to our home on

From "Songs of Zion," by per.

Nearer Home. Concluded.

high, To the green fields and the foun-tains
high, our home on high, Green fields and the fountains, green fields and the fountains

Of the land . . . . . be-yond the sky.
Of the land be-yond the sky, be-yond the sky, be-yond the sky.

No. 40. Consecration.

Mrs. Mary. D. James. Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.

1. My body, soul and spirit, Jesus, I give to Thee, A con-se-crat-ed
2. O Jesus, mighty Savior, I trust in Thy great name, I look for Thy sal-
3. Oh, let the fire descending Just now upon my soul, Consume my humble
4. I'm Thine, O blessed Je-sus, Wash'd by Thy precious blood, Now seal me by Thy

Refrain.

of-fering, Thine ever-more to be.
va - tion, Thy promise now I claim. My all is on the al - tar, I'm
of-fering, And cleanse and make me whole.
Spir - it, A sac - ri-fice to God.

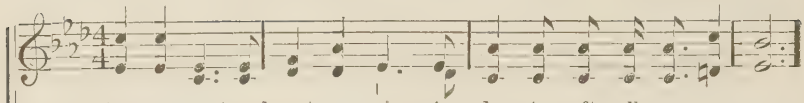
rit.

waiting for the fire; Waiting, waiting, waiting I'm waiting for the fire.

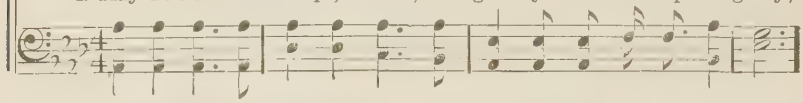
Used by per. of Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.

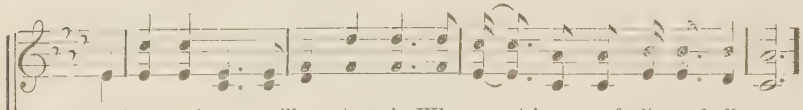
No. 41. We'll Meet Again.

W. B. WILLIS BROWN.



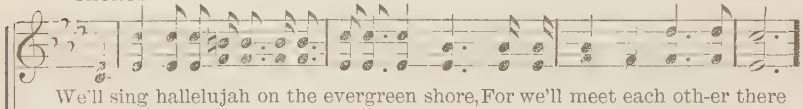
1. Here we meet and part a - gain, As du - ty oft calls us a - way,
2. As we pass a - long the way, Oft meeting with those whom we love,
3. O the Christian's hope and peace That al - ways a - bides in the heart,
4. May God bless and keep you true, And guide you thro' each passing day;





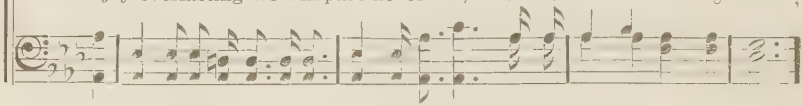
But then we know we'll meet again Where part-ings no feelings shall sway.
When sadness comes at parting time We think of that meeting a - bove.
It is this hope and peace divine That sustains when with dear ones we part.
Then safe at last in heav'n a-bove, We'll meet there for - ev - er to stay.

CHORUS.

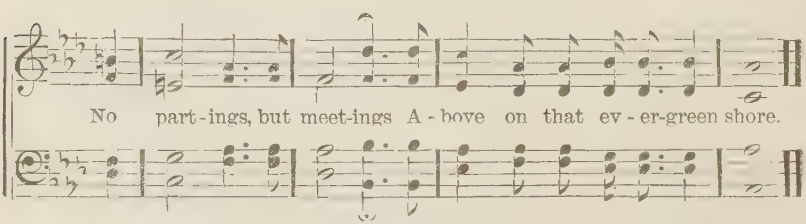


We'll sing hallelujah on the evergreen shore, For we'll meet each oth-er there

With joy everlasting we will part never more, When we meet on that bright shore;



No part-ings, but meet-ings A - bove on that ev - er-green shore.



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No. 42. Under the Shadow of the Cross.

E. Hanks. D. E. Dortch.

1. I have trusted in a Savior that can save me, I am resting under the
2. There has been within my soul a new cre - a - tion, I am resting under the
3. Oh, I love to tell the sweet and wond'rous sto - ry, I am resting under the

shadow of the Cross; When I trusted, oh, the bliss and joy it gave me,
shadow of the Cross; Blessed tho't, to feel the full and free salvation;
shadow of the Cross; Of sal - va-tion thro' a Savior rich in glo - ry,

Refrain.

I am resting under the shadow of the Cross.
I am resting under the shadow of the Cross. Under the shadow of the
I am resting under the shadow of the Cross.

Cross I am resting, Under the shadow of the Cross I am resting, Under the

shadow of the Cross I am resting, And securely Jesus lets me there abide.

By per. D. E. Dortch, owner of copyright.

No. 43. Seeking for Me.

A. N. E. E. HASTY.

1. Je-sus, my Savior, to Bethlehem came. Born in a man-ger to
2. Je-sus, my Savior, on Cal-va-ry's tree, Paid the great debt, and my
3. Je-sus, my Savior, the same as of old, While I was wand'ring a-
4. Je-sus, my Savior, shall come from on high—Sweet is the promise as

sorrow and shame; Oh, it was wonderful—blest be His name! Seeking for me, for
soul He set free; Oh, it was wonderful—how could it be? Dy - ing for me, for
far from the fold, Gently and long did He plead with my soul, Call-ing for me, for
weary years fly; Oh, I shall see Him descending the sky, Coming for me, for

For me, ... For me . . . . .

me! Seeking for me! Seeking for me! Seeking for me! Seeking for me!
me! Dy-ing for me! Dy-ing for me! Dy-ing for me! Dy-ing for me!
me! Calling for me! Calling for me! Calling for me! Calling for me!
me! Coming for me! Coming for me! Coming for me! Coming for me!

Oh, it was wonderful—blest be His name! Seeking for me, for me!
Oh, it was wonderful—how could it be? Dy - ing for me, for me!
Gently and long did He plead with my soul, Call-ing for me, for me!
Oh, I shall see Him descending the sky, Coming for me, for me!

By permission.

No. 44. The Child of a King.

HATTIE E. BUELL. Arr. by REV. JOHN B. SUMNER.

1. My Fa - ther is rich in hous - es and lands, He hold - eth the
2. My Fa - ther's own Son, the Sav - ior of men, Once won-dered o'er
3. I once was an out-cast stran - ger on earth, A sin - ner by
4. A tent or a cot-tage, why should I care? They're building a

wealth of the world in his hands! Of ru - bies and diamonds, of
earth as the poor - est of them, But now he is reigning for-
choice, and an al - ien by birth! But I've been a - dopt-ed, my
pal - ace for me o - ver there! Tho' ex - iled from home, yet

sil - ver and gold, His cof - fers are full,—he has rich - es untold.
ev - er on high, And will give me a home in heav'n by and by.
name's written down,—An heir to a man-sion, a robe and a crown.
still I may sing: "All glo - ry to God, I'm the child of a King."

CHORUS.

I'm the child of a King, The chiid of a King!

Ad lib.

With Je - sus, my Sav - ior, I'm the child of a King.

By permission.

No. 45. Shall I Be Saved?

FANNY J. CROSBY. WILLIS BROWN.

1. Je - sus is pleading with my poor soul, Shall I be saved to-night?
2. Je - sus was nail'd to the cross for me, Shall I be saved to-night?
3. Je - sus is knocking at my poor heart, Shall I be saved to-night?
4. What if that voice I should hear no more, Shall I be saved to-night?

If I be-lieve, He will make me whole, Shall I be saved to-night?
How can my heart so un-grate-ful be? Shall I be saved to-night?
What if His Spirit should now de - part? Shall I be saved to-night?
Quickly I'll o - pen this bolt - ed door, Save me; O Lord, to-night!

rit.

Ten-der-ly, sad-ly, I hear Him say, "How can you grieve me from day to day?
Now He will save me by grace divine, Now, if I will, I may call Him mine;
O - ver and o - ver His voice I hear Sweetly it falls on my list'ning ear;
Blessed Redeemer, come in, come in, Pit - y my sorrow, forgive my sin:

Shall I go on in the old, old way, Or shall I be saved to-night?
Can I the pleasures of earth resign? Oh, shall I be saved to-night?
Shall I reject Him—a friend so dear? Oh, shall I be saved to-night?
Now let Thy work in my soul be-gin, For I will be saved to-night.

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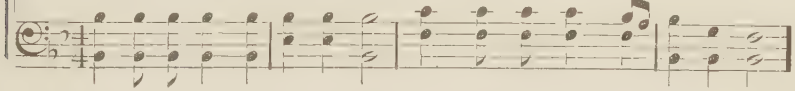
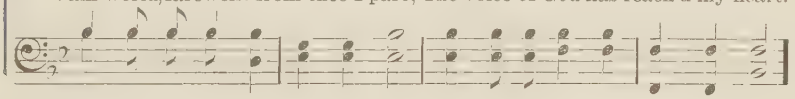
No. 46. God Calling Yet.

J. BORTHWICK. J. G. F.

1. God calling yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
2. God calling yet! shall I not rise? Can I his lov - ing voice de-spise,
3. God calling yet! and shall I give No heed, but still in bond-age live?
4. God calling yet! I can-not stay: My heart I yield with-out de - lay;

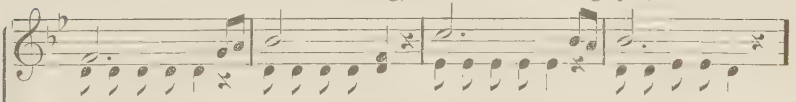


Shall life's swift passing years all fly, And still my soul in slum - ber lie?
And base-ly his kind care re - pay? He calls me still; can I de - lay?
I wait, but he does not for - sake; He calls me still; my heart, a - wake!
Vain world, farewell! from thee I part; The voice of God has reach'd my heart.

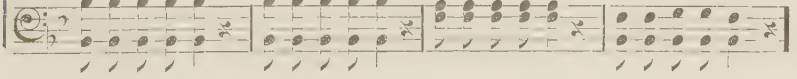


CHORUS.

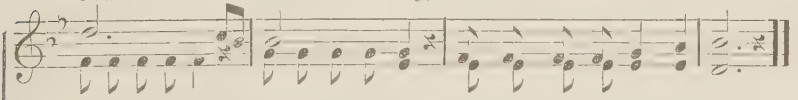
God is call - ing, call - ing yet,



God is calling yet, God is calling yet, Heed his pleading voice, God is calling yet,



God is call - ing,



God is calling yet, God is call-ing yet, Sin - ner heed his pleading voice.

This Hymn is free to be used for the glory of God.

No. 47, What is Your Record?

W. B. WILLIS BROWN.

1. What is your rec-ord now, day by day, How are you
2. What is the rec-ord you want to show To oth-ers
3. What will your rec-ord be at the end, When to the

mak-ing your rec-ord, say! Is it a rec-ord clean and
who of your life would know, What shall the angel who scribes the
great white throne you as-cend, Say, will the page be washed by

clear? Or are there some blots that your own eyes fear?
page, Re-cord when your name his eye shall en-gage?
blood, Or blots be found that will send you from God?

CHORUS.

What will your record be When life shall end, And for your account the great

judge will send, Are you now read-y and will-ing to show A

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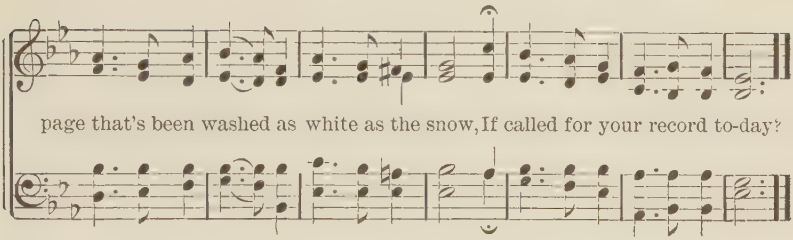
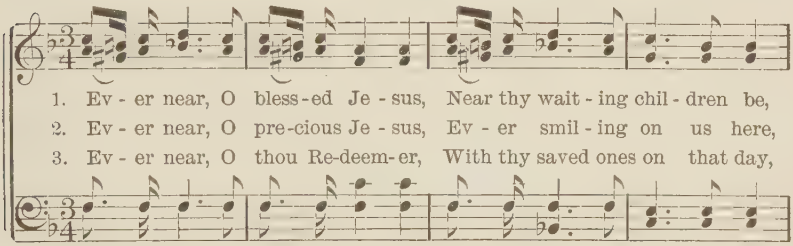
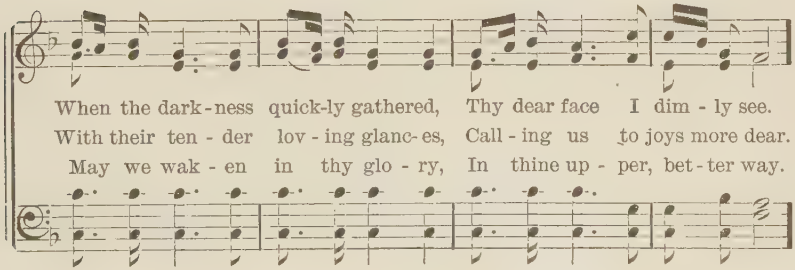
What is Your Record? Concluded.

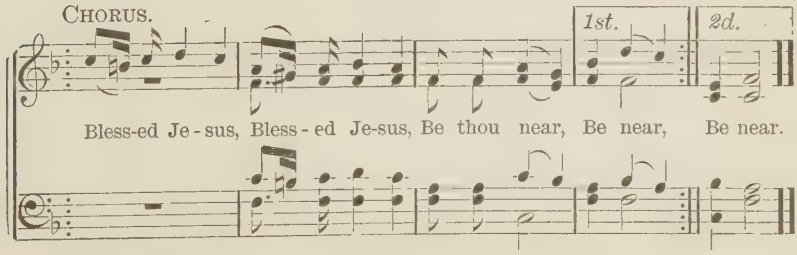


No. 48. Be Thou Near.

A. MACNAIR. WILLIS BROWN.







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No. 49. Blessed Man of Galilee.

C. F. L. C. F. LOUTHAIN.

1. I have heard a won-drous sto-ry, And I know the sto-ry's true,
2. When their lit - tle bark was toss-ing, In that storm up-on the wave,
3. Sin - ner have you heard the sto - ry, How his life on earth was spent?
4. Broth-er don't you hear my Je - sus, Lov - ing Sav-ior, dear-est friend,

Of a lov - ing ten-der Sav-ior, Who is call - ing now for you,
The dis - ci - ples called to Je - sus, We will per - ish, Mas - ter save,
Heal-ing all the sick and wea-ry, Then to Cal - va - ry he went;
Cast on him your heav-y bur-dens, He will keep you to the end;

Left his Fa-ther's home in glo - ry, He so lov - ed you and me.
Je-sus answered them and stretching Forth his hand he calmed the sea,
All a - lone he bore our burdens, Died up - on the cru - el tree,
Tho' your sins they be as scar-let, Hear him say-ing, "come to me,

Came to seek us for his king-dom, Bless-ed man of Gal - i - lee.
Saved them from the storm and temp-est, Bless-ed man of Gal - i - lee.
Won't you trust him now to save you, Je-sus Christ of Gal - i - lee."
I'll re - deem you, I will save you, I'm the man of Gal - i - lee.

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Blessed Man of Galilee. Coucluded.

CHORUS.

How I love him, Oh! I love him, He who walked up - on the sea,
Last v. He will save you, Oh! my broth-er, On - ly trust him and be free,

Sin-ner won't you come and trust him, Bless - ed man of Gal - i - lee.
Oh! how ten - der - ly he's plead-ing, Bless - ed man of Gal - i - lee.

No. 50. Light After Darkness.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. T. J. DAVIS.

1. Light af - ter dark-ness, Gain af - ter loss, Strength af - ter
2. Sheaves af - ter sow - ing, Sun af - ter rain, Sight af - ter
3. Near af - ter dis - tant, Gleam af - ter gloom, Love af - ter

weakness, Crown af - ter Cross; Sweet af - ter bit - ter,
mystery, Peace af - ter pain, Joy af - ter sor - row,
loneliness, Life af - ter tomb; Af - ter long ag - ony

Rit.

Hope af - ter fears, Home af - ter wand'ring, Praise af - ter tears.
Calm af - ter blast, Rest af - ter weariness, Sweet rest at last.
Rapt - ure of bliss, Right was the pathway Lead - ing to this.

By permission.

No. 51. Happy Band.

W. B. Wm. C. Strom.

1. We're a hap - py pil - grim band, march - ing on - ward
2. Our path - way some - times rough, dark and wea - ry,
3. For by and by we'll rest from our jour - ney,

To the pal - ace of a King in the skies,
Of - ten bruise our feet as on - ward we tread,
Our King will bid us rest from our care.

With shin - ing hel - mets glist - 'ning in the sun - light,
We lift our eyes and gain a fresh en - deav - or,
Then will we sing and shout our loud ho - san - nahs,

We march and sing the song that nev - er dies.
When we see our ban - ner wav - ing high o'er - head.
Safe - ly rest - ing in Christ's glo - ry o - ver there.

Chorus.

We're hap - py as we march a - long the high - way, The

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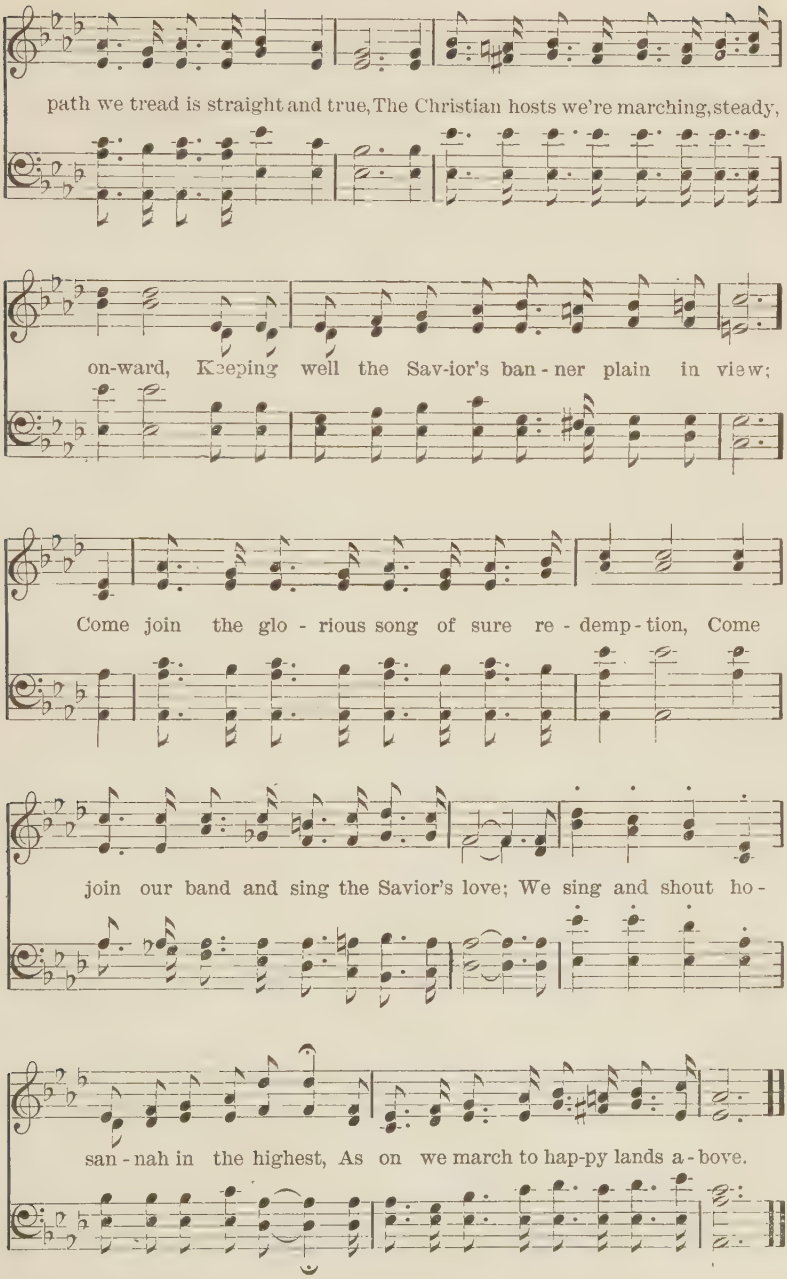
Happy Band. Concluded.



No. 52. Bringing in the Sheaves.

KNOWLES SHAW. GEORGE A. MINOR.

1. Sow - ing in the morning, sow-ing seeds of kind-ness, Sow-ing in the noontide and the dew - y eve; Wait-ing for the har - vest, and the time of reap - ing, We shall come re-joic - ing, bring-ing in the sheaves Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come re-joic-ing Bringing in the sheaves; ing, Bringing in the sheaves.

2. Sow - ing in the sun-shine, sow-ing in the shad-ows, Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze; By and by the har - vest, and the la - bor end - ed, We shall come re-joic - ing, bring-ing loss sustained our spir-it often grieves; When our weeping's o-ver, He will bid us wel - come, We shall come re-joic - ing, bring-ing

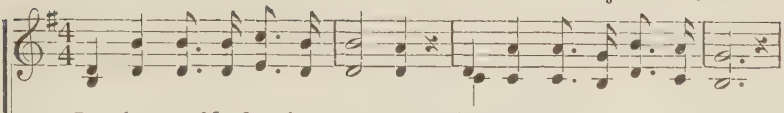
3. Go - ing forth with weeping, sow-ing for the Mas - ter, Tho' the

CHORUS.

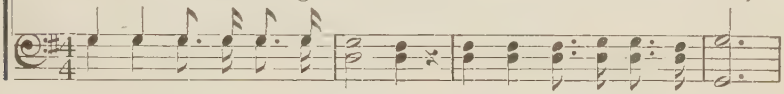
By permission.

No. 53. Happy Home.

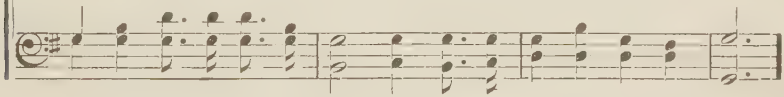
J. M. Hunt.



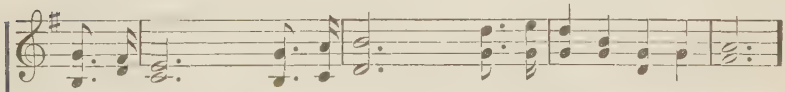
1. In that world of ancient sto - ry, Where no storms can ev-er come,
2. There within the heav'nly mansions, Where life's river flows so clear,
3. There with holy angels dwell-ing, Where the ransomed wander free,
4. There amid the shining num-bers, All our toils and la-bors o'er,



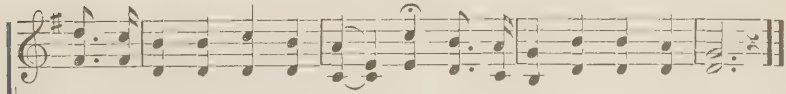
Where the Savior dwells in glory, There remains for us a home.
We shall see our blessed Sav-ior, If we love and serve Him here.
Je - sus' praises ev - er tell - ing, Sing we thro' e - ter - ni - ty.
Where the Guardian never slumbers, We shall dwell for-ev - er - more.



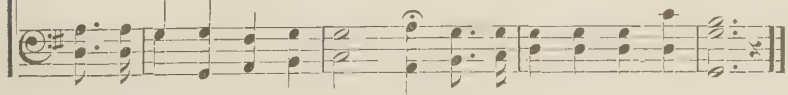
Chorus.



Hap-py home, hap-py home, Je-sus bids His followers come.
hap-py home hap-py home,



To that land of bliss and glo - ry, To our hap-py, hap-py home.



From Songs of Zion, by per.

No. 54. I am Happy all the Day.

W. B. Arr. by WILLIS BROWN.

1. My heart with joy o'er - flows thro' all the day, For
2. I can - not tell why Christ should die for me, And
3. I do not know when with my Lord I'll dwell, When
4. I'll sing his prais - es with my lips and heart, To

Je - sus guides me all the way In paths of peace where liv-ing
suf - fer death on Cal - va - ry, But this I know, that now I'm
he shall come I can-not tell, But well I know he has pre-
Christ I give my ev - 'ry part, And joy and glad - ness fills my

wa - ters flow, Wher - e'er my Sav - ior leads I'll go.
saved by grace, And by and by shall see his face.
pared for me, A home with him e - ter - nal - ly.
soul with bliss, For Christ is mine and I am his.

O I am happy all the day, For Je - sus washed my sins a - way;

Yes, I am hap-py all the day, For Jesus washed my sins a - way.

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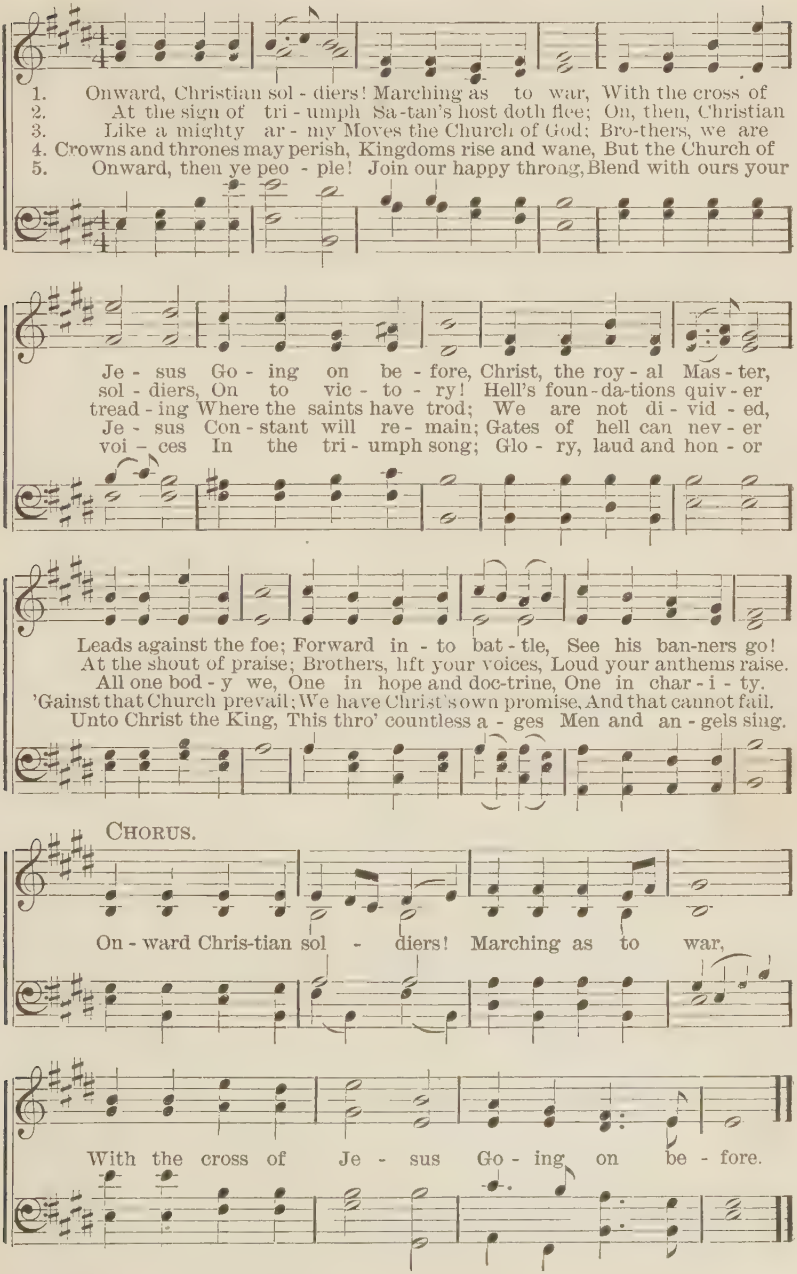
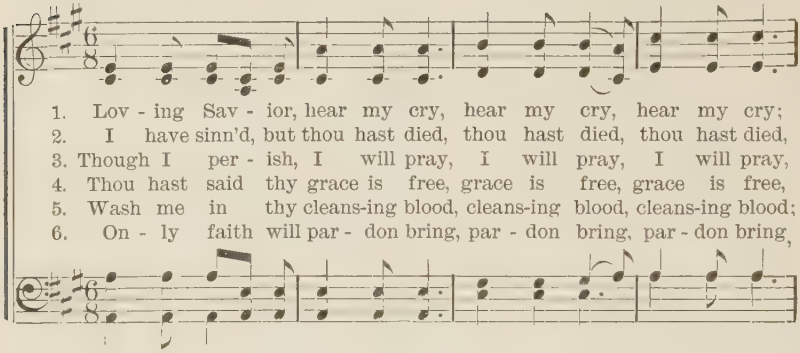
No. 55. Onward, Christian Soldiers!

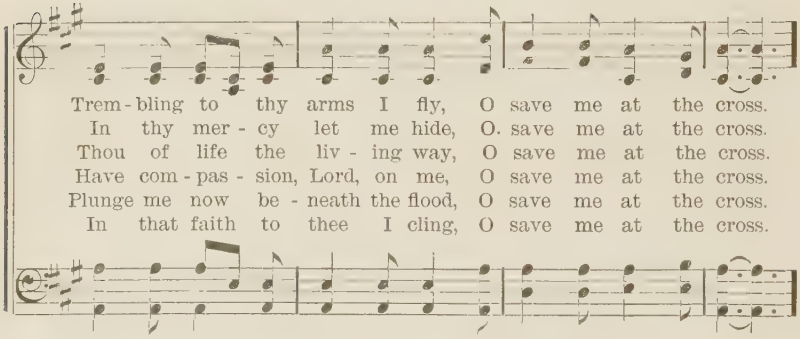
SABINE BARING-GOULD. A. S. SULLIVAN.



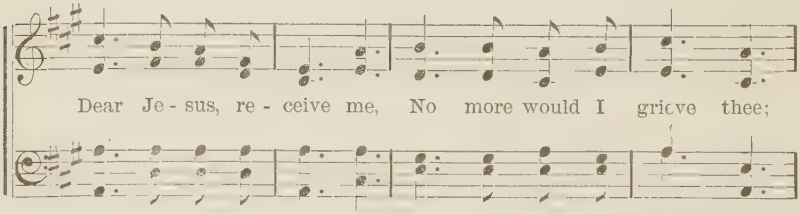
No. 56. O Save me at the Cross.

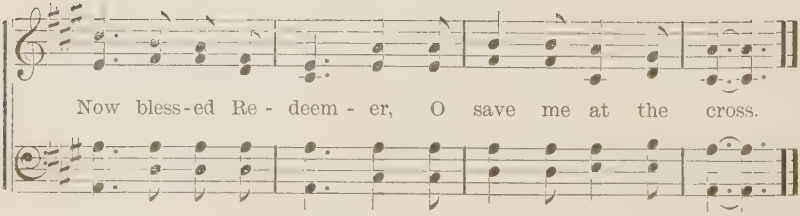
FANNY J. CROSBY. Arr. by WILLIS BROWN.





CHORUS.





No. 57. Nearer the Cross!

F. J. Crosby. Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.

1. "Near - er the cross!" my heart can say, I am com-ing near-er,
2. Near - er the Christ - ian's mer - cy seat, I am com-ing near-er,
3. Near - er in pray'r my hopes as-pires I am com-ing near-er,

Near - er the cross from day to day, I am com - ing near - er;
Feast - ing my soul on man - na sweet, I am com - ing near - er;
Deep - er the love my soul de-sires, I am com - ing near - er:

Near - er the cross where Je - sus died, Near - er the foun - tain's
Strong - er in faith, more clear I see Je - sus who gave him -
Near - er the end of toil and care, Near - er the joy I

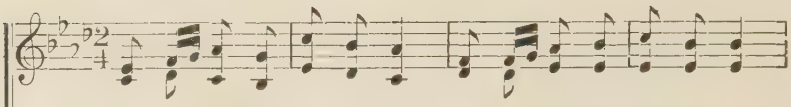
crim - son tide, Near - er my Sav - ior's wound - ed side,
self for me, Near - er to him I still would be:
long to share, Near - er the crown I soon shall wear:

I am com - ing near - er, I am com - ing near - er.
Still I'm com - ing near - er, Still I'm com - ing near - er.
I am com - ing near - er, I am com - ing near - er.

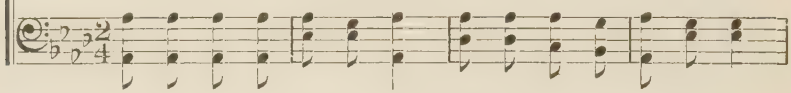
Used by per. Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.

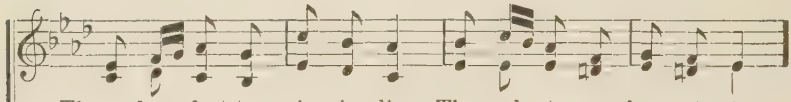
No. 58 Touch Not, Taste Not.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson, W. S. Marshall,

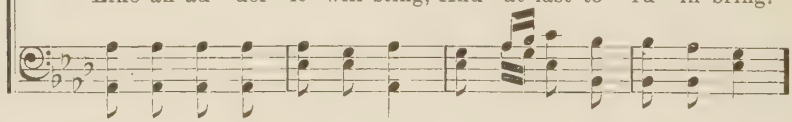


1. Who hath sorrow, who hath woe? They who dare not answer, No!
2. Who hath babblings, who hath strife? He who leads a drunkard's life,
3. Who hath wounds without a cause? He who breaks God's holy laws:
4. Who hath red-ness of the eyes, Who bring pov-er-ty and sighs,
5. Touch not, taste not, handle not, Wine will make a dark, dark blot.

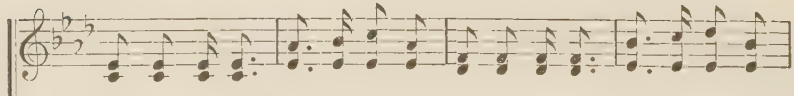




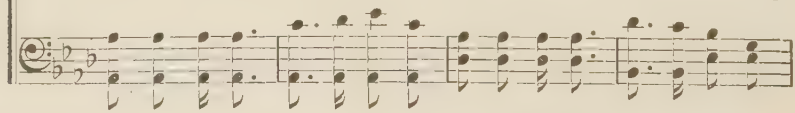
They whose feet to sin in-cline, They who tar-ry long at wine.
He who scorns the Lord di-vine, He who goes to seek mix'd wine.
He whose lov'd ones weep and pine, While he tarries at the wine.
In - to homes al-most di - vine, They who tar-ry at the wine.
Like an ad - der it will sting, And at last to ru - in bring.

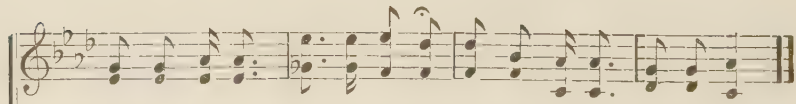


Chorus.

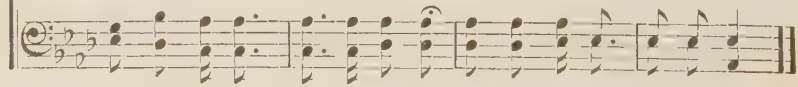


They who tar-ry at the wine-cup, They who tarry at the wine-cup,





They who tar-ry at the wine-cup, They have sorrow, they have woe.



No. 59. God be With You.

J. E. Rankin, D. D. W. G. Tomer.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By his coun-sel guide up-
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath his wings se - cure - ly
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's per - ils thick con-
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's ban-ner float- ing

hold you, With his sheep se - cure - ly fold you, God be with you till we
hide you, Dai - ly man - na still di - vide you, God be with you till we
found you, Put his arms un - fail-ing round you, God be with you till we
o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we

Chorus.

meet a - gain. Till we meet..... till we meet, Till we
Till we meet, till we meet, a - gain,

meet at Je - sus' feet, Till we meet..... till we
Till we meet, Till we meet, till we

meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
meet a - gain,

By permission.

No. 60. I am Trusting.

ELI. M. RICHMOND. WILLIS BROWN.

1. I am trust - ing, on - ly trust - ing In the pow'r of Je - sus' blood,
2. Ev-'ry hour I feel the bless - ing Of a faith in Je - sus' love;
3. Won't you come to my dear Sav - ior? He is wait-ing now for thee;
4. See how sad your sins have made him, How he stands with bended head;

How he keeps me in my tri - als, Binds me ev - er to my God.
So I sim - ply work and trust him, Trust him for a home a - bove.
Don't you hear him gen - tly plead-ing "Come my child, come un - to me."
Cast a - way your sin - ful bur-dens, Give the Sav - ior joy in-stead.

CHORUS.

Come to Je-sus, come to Je - sus, Don't you hear him call - ing thee?

O he pleads that you will love him, Come, O, come, ere late it be.

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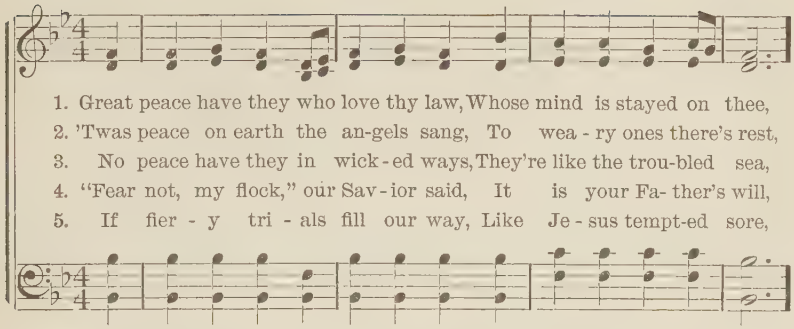
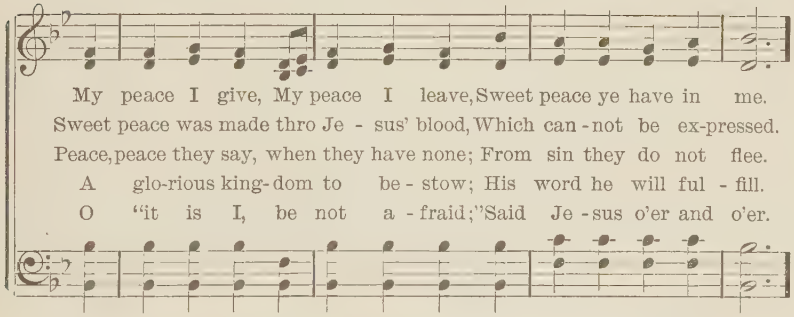
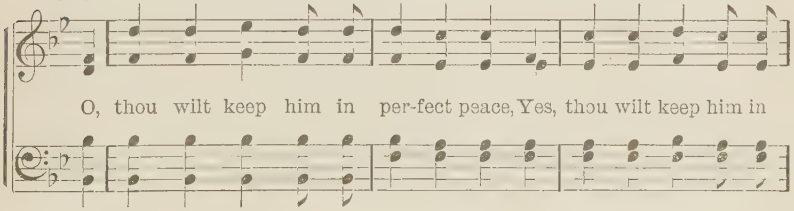
No. 61. Peace.

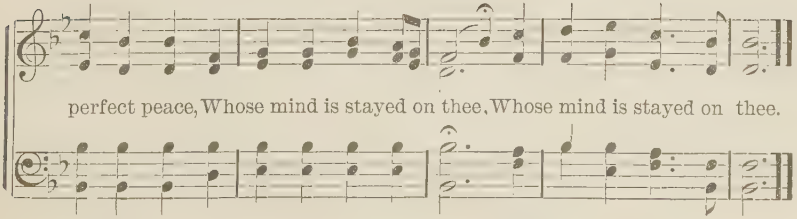
J. G. F. J. G. F.





CHORUS.





This Hymn is free to be used for the glory of God.

No. 62. Going on to Zion.

S. M. B. S. M. BROWN.

1. From gall - ing bond and slav - ish chain, We're go-ing on to Zi - on;
2. Thro' storm-y plain, o'er rock - y height, We're go-ing on to Zi - on;
3. The Sav - ior leads us all the way, We're go-ing on to Zi - on;
4. Ye ran-somed sin - ners join the song, We're go-ing on to Zi - on;

Where sor - rows end, and pleas-ures reign, We're go - ing on to Zi - on.
Thro' bright-est sun, and dark - est night, We're go - ing on to Zi - on.
We cheer each oth - er when we say, We're go - ing on to Zi - on.
The road, tho' rough, will not be long, We're go - ing on to Zi - on.

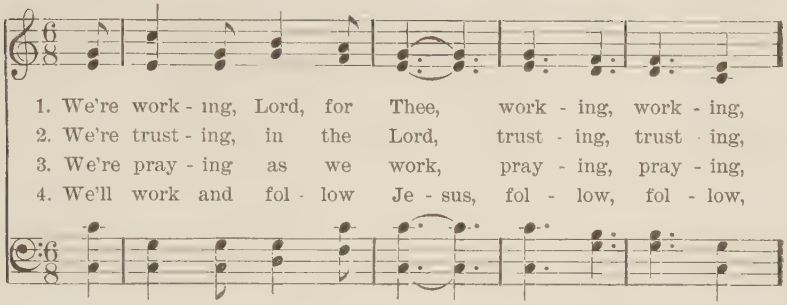
CHORUS.

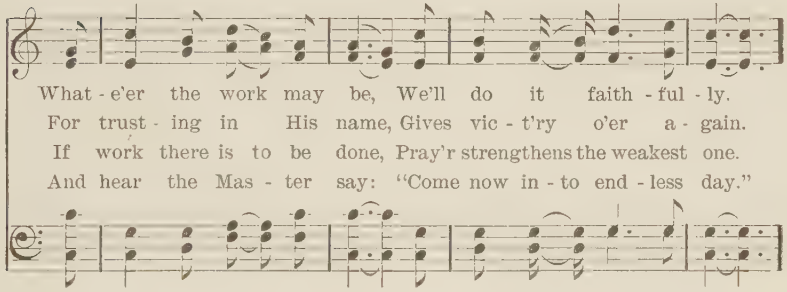
O beau-ti-ful Zi - on! We're go - ing on to Zi - on; With glad - some songs and crowns of joy, We're go - ing on to Zi - on.

From Songs of Zion by per.

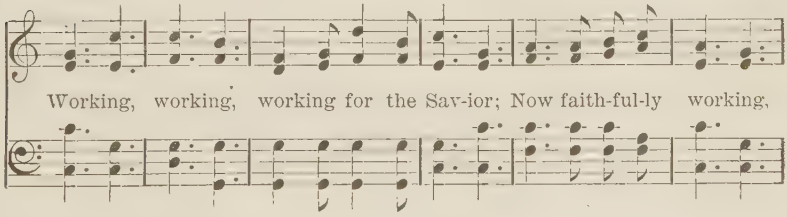
No. 63. Working.

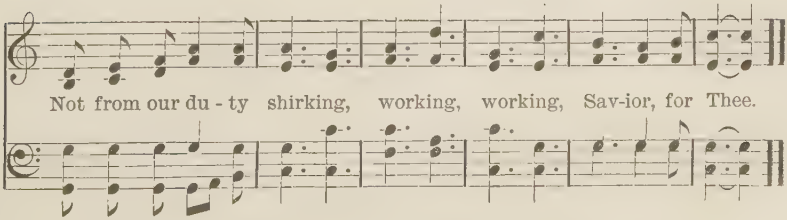
T. B. Good. Geo. B. Rivers.





Chorus. *Faster.*





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No. 64. Jesus Is Coming.

JESSIE E. STROUT. W. E. B.

1. Lift up the trum - pet, oh, loud let it ring,
2. Ech - o it, hill - top! pro - claim it, ye plain!
3. Sound it, old o - cean, in might - i - est wave!
4. Soon we'll be wing - ing our fight thro' the air,

Je - sus is com - ing a - gain; Cheer up ye pil - grims, be joy - ful and sing, Je - sus is com - ing a - gain.
Je - sus is com - ing a - gain; Com - ing in glo - ry the Lamb that was slain, Je - sus is com - ing a - gain.
Je - sus is com - ing a - gain; Tell to the is - lands and shores that ye lave, Je - sus is com - ing a - gain.
Je - sus is com - ing a - gain; Meet our Be - lov - ed, his glo - ry to share, Je - sus is com - ing a - gain.

CHORUS.

Je - sus is com - ing, Je - sus is com - ing,

1st time. *2d time.*

Je - sus is com - ing a - gain, a - gain; gain.

By permission.

No. 65. Harvest.

W. B. WILLIS BROWN.

1. Look on the wav-ing fields, Look on the gold-en grain The
har-vest-ers are wanted, The grain is ripening fast, Who'll

2. Life's fields and roll-ing hillocks, Are plant-ed o'er with seed, Some
arms that wield the sickle Must strong and val-iant be, The

3. Up, Christians, to the fields, And gold-en sheaves se-cure, They're
if the field's neg-lect-ed, If lab'rers there are few, When

1st time.

Lord has caused to ri-pen By sun-shine and by rain. Now
good, some bad and worth-less, They now the si-ckle need. The
wait-ing for your la-bor, The gath-ered sheaves en-dure, But

2d time.

en-ter in-to ser-vice Be-fore the har-vest's past.
Mas-ter of the har-vest Is call-ing you and me.
har-vest time is end-ed, The Mas-ter blam-eth you.

CHORUS.

O, the fields, the waving grain is ready for the harvest. O, enter the work with
might and main, Let hearts now sing this glorious strain, "To work, and gather the harvest."

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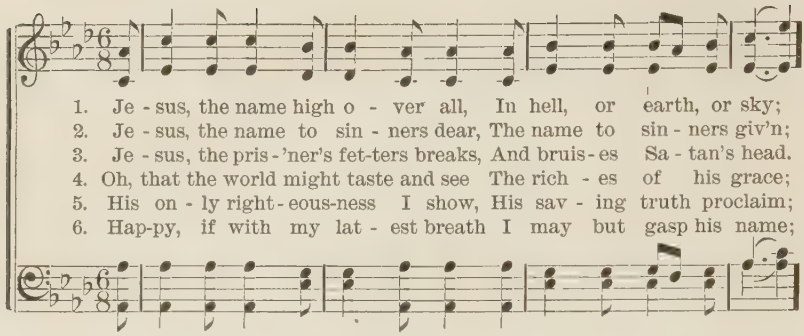
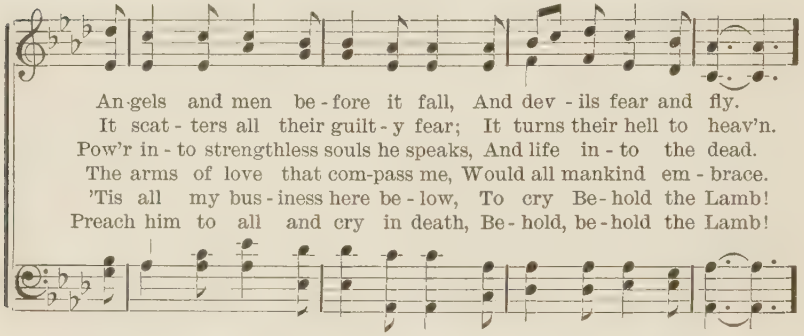
No. 66. Oh! How I Love Jesus.

CHAS. WESLEY. OLD MELODY.

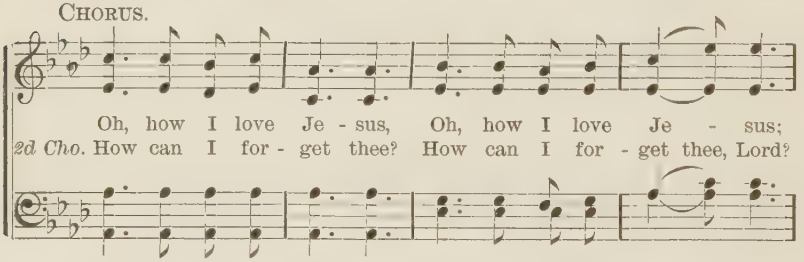


1. Je - sus, the name high o - ver all, In hell, or earth, or sky;
2. Je - sus, the name to sin - ners dear, The name to sin - ners giv'n;
3. Je - sus, the pris - 'ner's fet-ters breaks, And bruis - es Sa - tan's head.
4. Oh, that the world might taste and see The rich - es of his grace;
5. His on - ly right - eous-ness I show, His sav - ing truth proclaim;
6. Hap-py, if with my lat - est breath I may but gasp his name;

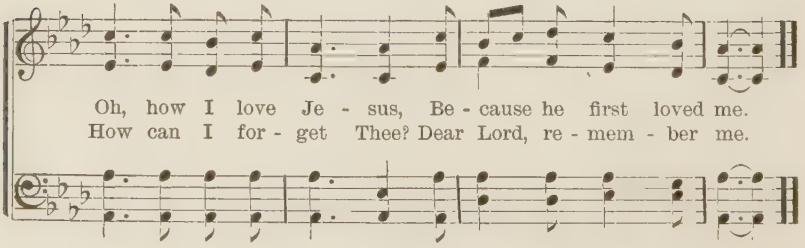


An-gels and men be - fore it fall, And dev - ils fear and fly.
It scat - ters all their guilt - y fear; It turns their hell to heav'n.
Pow'r in - to strengthless souls he speaks, And life in - to the dead.
The arms of love that com-pass me, Would all mankind em - brace.
'Tis all my bus - iness here be - low, To cry Be - hold the Lamb!
Preach him to all and cry in death, Be - hold, be - hold the Lamb!

CHORUS.



Oh, how I love Je - sus, Oh, how I love Je - sus;
2d Cho. How can I for - get thee? How can I for - get thee, Lord?



Oh, how I love Je - sus, Be - cause he first loved me.
How can I for - get Thee? Dear Lord, re - mem - ber me.

No. 67. As Panteth The Hart. Psa. 42.

Dedicated to Rev. B. A. Greene D. D.

W. B. WILLIS BROWN.

1. As pant - eth the hart for the wa - ter brooks, So panteth my soul, O, God, after Thee; Thirsteth, O, God, for the liv - ing fount, Thirst - eth my soul con - tin - ual - ly.
2. I cry in my soul: "Where is my God?" My tears are my meat both day and night; When I re - mem-ber of all Thy ways, My voice shall praise Thy pow'r and might.
3. Why should I be cast in - to dark de - spair, Tho' billows and waves are gone over me? I hear a song thro' the day and night, God will com - mand me lov - ing - ly.
4. I'll say un - to God: "Thou art my rock," Why then should I mourn, tho' thrust with a sword; Why, O, my soul, why art thou cast down? God will I praise, my Sav - ior Lord.

rit.

CHORUS.

As panteth the hart for the water-brook, So panteth my soul for Thee;
I thirst for the liv - ing foun - tain that flows from Cal-va - ry.

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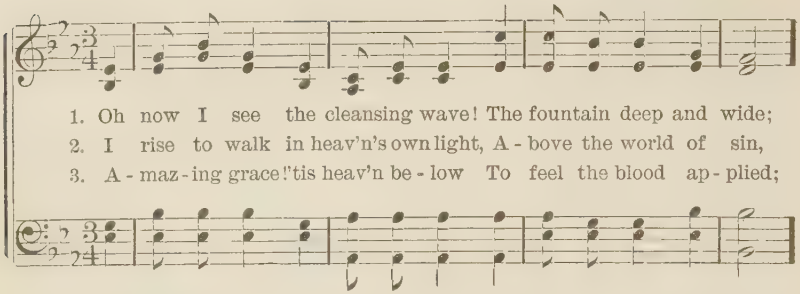
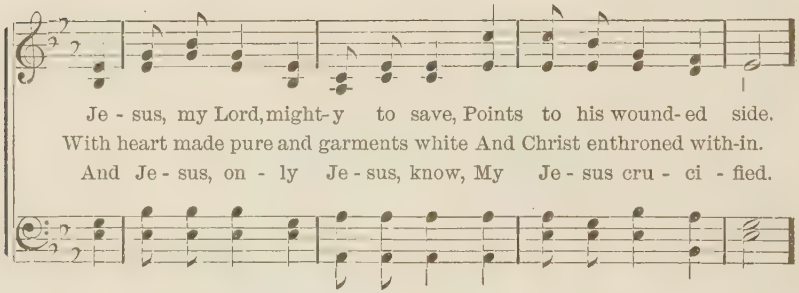
No. 68. Cleansing Wave.

MRS. PHOEBE PALMER. MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.

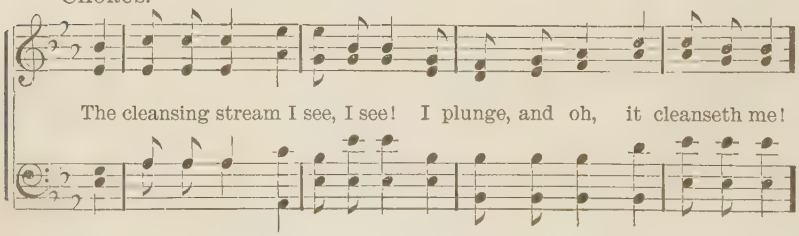


1. Oh now I see the cleansing wave! The fountain deep and wide;
2. I rise to walk in heav'n's own light, A - bove the world of sin,
3. A - maz - ing grace! 'tis heav'n be - low To feel the blood ap - plied;

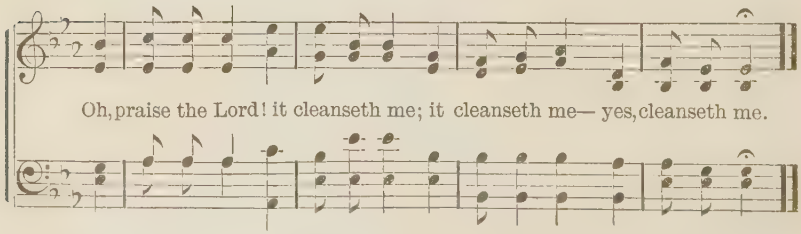


Je - sus, my Lord, might - y to save, Points to his wound - ed side.
With heart made pure and garments white And Christ enthroned with - in.
And Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus, know, My Je - sus cru - ci - fied.

CHORUS.



The cleansing stream I see, I see! I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me!



Oh, praise the Lord! it cleanseth me; it cleanseth me— yes, cleanseth me.

By permission Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.

No. 69. Savior, Like a Shepherd Lead us.

DOROTHY A. THRUPP. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Sav - ior, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need thy tend'rest care.
2. We are thine, do thou be-friend us, Be the guardian of our way;
3. Thou hast promised to re - ceive us, Poor and sin-ful tho' we be;
4. Ear - ly let us seek thy fa - vor, Ear - ly let us do thy will:

In thy pleasant pastures lead us, For our use thy folds pre-pare:
Keep thy flock, from sin de - fend us, Seek us when we go a - stray;
Thou hast mer - cy to re - lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free:
Bless - ed Lord and on - ly Sav - ior, With thy love our bo-soms fill:

Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are,
Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Hear, oh, hear us, when we pray,
Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, We will ear - ly turn to thee,
Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still,

Bless-ed Je-sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are.
Bless-ed Je-sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Hear, oh, hear us, when we pray.
Bless-ed Je-sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, We will ear - ly turn to thee.
Bless-ed Je-sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still.

By permission.

No. 70. A Little Talk.

Anon. Arranged.

1. Tho' dark the night and clouds look black And stormy o-ver-head, And
2. When those who once were dear - est friends Be -gin to per-se-cute, And
3 And thus, by fre - quent lit - tle talks, I gain the vic-to-ry, And

trials of al - most ev - 'ry kind A - cross my path are spread; How
those who once professed to love Have si - lent grown and mute; I
march a - long with cheerful song, En - joy - ing lib - er - ty; With

:S:

soon I con - quer all, As to the Lord I call,— A little talk with
tell him all my grief, He quick-ly sends re - lief,— A little talk with
Je - sus as my friend, I'll prove un - til the end, A little talk with

D. S. trials of ev - 'ry kind, Praise God, I al - ways find,— A lit-tle talk with

FINE. CHORUS.

Je - sus makes it right, all right. A lit - tle talk with Je - sus makes it

Je - sus makes it right, all right.

D. S.

right, all right, A lit - tle talk with Je - sus makes it right, all right; In

No. 71. Don't You See the Harbor Lights?

E. R. Latta. T. M. Bowdish.

1. Don't you see the harbor lights, In the night of sin so dark?
2. Don't you see the harbor lights, As you sail and sail a - way?
3. Don't you see the harbor lights, That would never greet your view,
4. Don't you see the harbor lights, Kin-dled by the Lord's own hand?

Now, they pour their friendly rays, To di-rect your way-ward bark!
Sin-ner, look, by faith just now! Catch the brightness, while you may!
Had not Je - sus in His love, Come to suf - fer death, for you?
Won't you seek that shore so bright,—Sailing with the Christian band?

Chorus.

Don't you see the har-bor lights, (oh, see the lights,) Beaming from their
Don't you see the lights?

lof - ty heights? Don't you see them?
From their lof - ty heights?

Don't you see them? Don't you see the har - bor lights?

By per. T. M. Bowdish, owner of copyright.

No. 72. "Never Fear."

W. B. WILLIS BROWN.

1. The Christian's watchword is "Never fear," The Christian's watchword is
2. When Sa - tan tempts thee, O, nev - er fear, When Sa - tan tempts thee, O,
3. In cares and tri - als you'll nev - er fear, In cares and tri - als you'll
2. O, let the watchword be "Never fear," O, let the watchword be

"Nev - er fear," For there is no dan - ger when Christ is near,
nev - er fear, For Je - sus, the Sav - ior, thy cry will hear,
nev - er fear, For there is One Who thy bur - dens will bear,
"Nev - er fear," For soon we will live in man - sions so fair,

CHORUS.

For He will keep you from harm. O, ring out the watchword, O,
And quick - ly sin flees a - way.
If you will cast them on Him.
And dwell e - ter - nal - ly there.

ring out the watch-word, Ring it out (Ring it out) loud and

clear; Let it al - ways be be - fore you, Let it
loud and clear;

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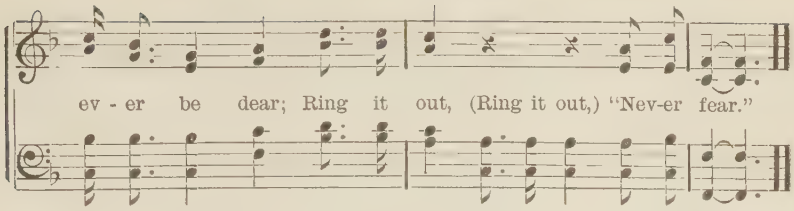
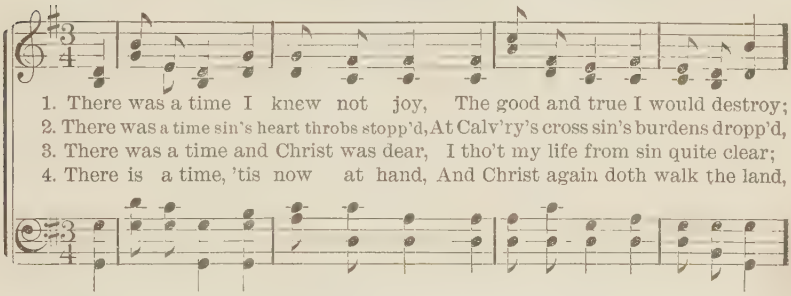
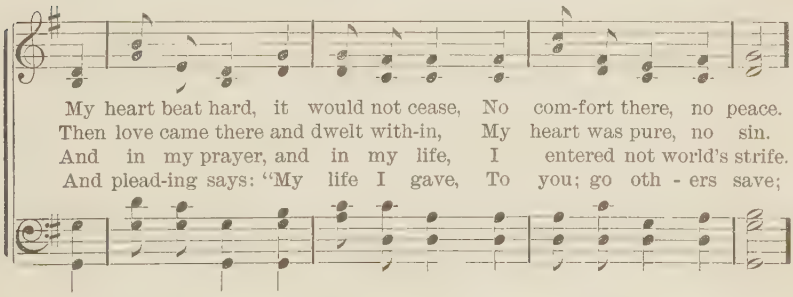
"Never Fear." Concluded.

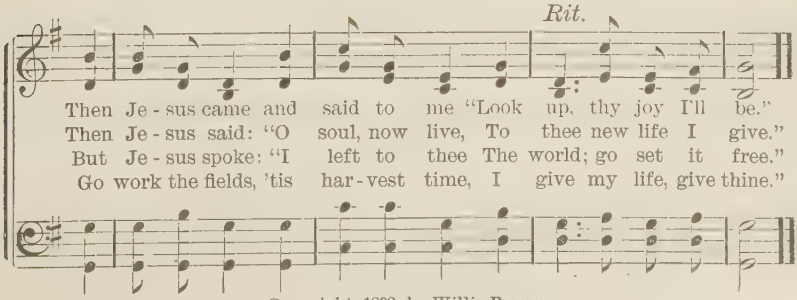


No. 73. There was a Time.

W. B. WILLIS BROWN.







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No. 74. Realms of the Blest.

(Male Quartette.)

E. MILLS. W. M. WILDER.

1. We speak of the realms of the blest, That coun - try so bright and so fair, so fair, And oft are its glo - ries con- fessed, But what must it be to be there?
2. We speak of its path - way of gold, Its walls decked with jew - els so rare, so rare, Its won - ders and pleasures un- told, But what must it be to be there?
3. We speak of its free - dom from sin, From sor - row, temp- ta - tion and care, and care, From tri - als with-out and with- in, But what must it be to be there?
4. Do thou Lord midst pleas - ure or woe, For heav - en our spir - its pre - pare, pre - pare, And short - ly we al - so shall know, And feel what it is to be there.

CHORUS.

To be there, to be there, To be there..... to be there, Will you go with us there? Will you go with us there? go..... to be

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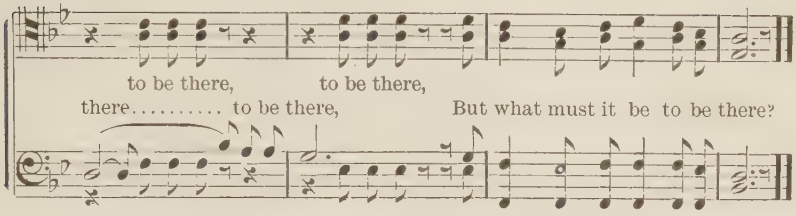
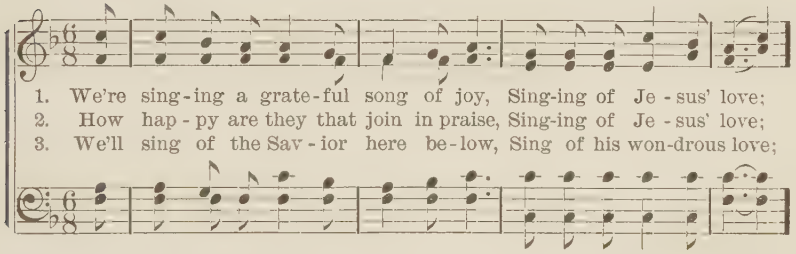
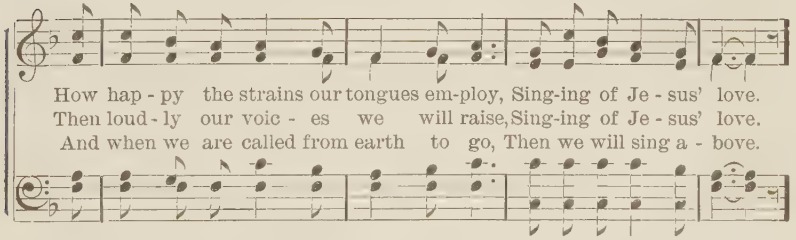
Realms of the Blest. Coucluded.



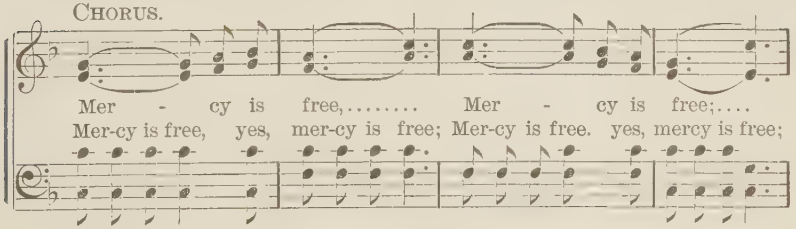
No. 75. Mercy is Free.

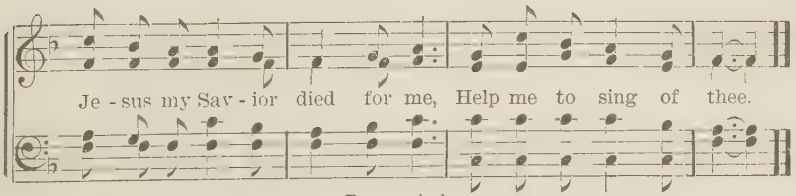
J. T. Reese.





Chorus.





By permission.

No. 76. Gathered Home.

J. M. Hunt.

1. Shall we all meet at home in the morn - ing
2. Shall we all meet at home in the morn - ing
3. Shall we all meet at home in the morn - ing

On the shores of the bright crys - tal sea;
And from sor - row for - ev - er be free;
Our bless - ed Re - deem - er to see;

With the loved ones who long have been wait - ing?
Shall we join in the songs of the ran - somed?
Shall we know and be known by our loved ones?

What a meet - ing in - deed it will be.
What a meet - ing in - deed it will be.
What a meet - ing in - deed it will be.

Chorus.

Gath - ered home, gath - ered home, On the
gath-ered home, gath-ered home,

From Songs of Zion, by per.

Gathered Home. Concluded.

shores of the bright crystal sea; Gathered home, gathered crystal sea, gathered home,

home,..... With our loved ones for - ev - er to be. gathered home,

No. 77. Blessed Be the Name.

1. O for a thou-sand tongues to sing: Blessed be the name of the Lord!
2. Je-sus the name that charms our fears, Blessed be the name of the Lord!
3. He breaks the pow'r of cancelled sin, Blessed be the name of the Lord!

The glo - ries of my God and King, Blessed be the name of the Lord!
'Tis mu - sic in the sin-ner's ears, Blessed be the name of the Lord!
His blood can make the foul - est clean, Blessed be the name of the Lord!

CHORUS.

1st. 2d.

Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord, the Lord.

No. 78. On the Banks of that River.

W. B. WILLIS BROWN.

1. There's a river far a - way Flow-ing thro' the land of day,
2. Bur-dened hearts here be - low Struggling thro' this world of woe,
3. On the banks of this stream, With its flow - ing tide be-tween,

On its banks wea - ry pilgrims find rest; And its wa - ters so clear,
Of - ten faint 'neath the burdens and strife; But ah soon from our care,
We shall meet with our loved ones dear, And we'll clasp their dear hands,

Give the ach-ing heart cheer, O this riv-er flow - ing thro' the land so
In the land o-ver there, We'll be resting by this riv - er bright and
As we walk the golden strands, By the river with its wa-ters bright and

CHORUS.

blest, land so blest. On the banks of that riv - er far a - way,
fair, bright and fair. far away,
clear, bright and clear.

We will walk in bright ar - ray, With our
bright ar - ray,

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On the Banks of that River. Concluded.

harps we will sing, Praises to our Lord and King,
Lord and King,

On the banks of that riv - er far a - way.
far a-way.

No. 79. Where He Leads Me I Will Follow.

Arr.

1. I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing, I can hear my Sav - ior calling,
2. I'll go with him thro' the garden, I'll go with him thro' the garden,
3. I'll go with him thro' the judgment, I'll go with him thro' the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glory,

D. C. Where he leads me I will fol-low, Where he leads me I will fol-low,

Ad lib. *D.C.*

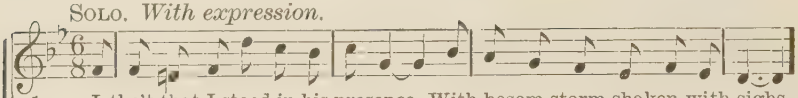
I can hear my Sav-ior calling, "Take thy cross and follow, fol - low me.
I'll go with him thro' the garden, I'll go with him, with him all the way.
I'll go with him thro' the judgment, I'll go with him, with him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo-ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

Where he leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with him, with him all the way.

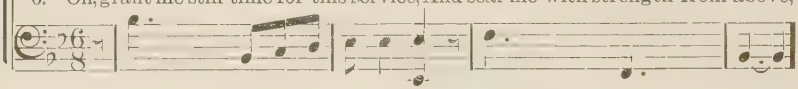
No. 80. In the Presence of the King.

MRS. MARY M. ANDERSON. D. E. DORTCH.

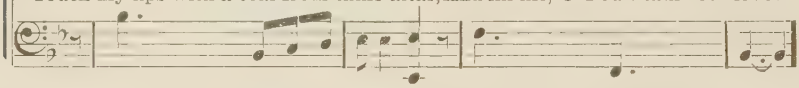
SOLO. *With expression.*



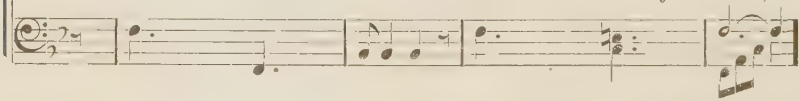
1. I tho't that I stood in his presence, With bosom storm-shaken with sighs,
2. And now as I stood in his presence, Un-mind-ful of glo-ries a - round,
3. I yearn'd with a rapture of long-ing, To feel that blest hand on my head,
4. I trembled and started, the ser-vice I thought I had ren-dered for him,
5. "Dear Master," I whisper'd, "I love thee; Have pit-y and mer - cy I pray;
6. "Oh, grant me still time for this service, And seal me with strength from above,



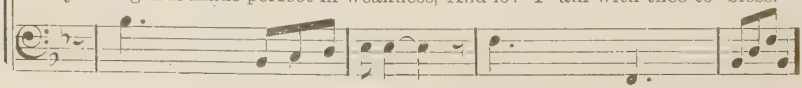
I loved him, ah, yes, how I loved him! And trembled with joy 'neath his eyes.
So he my be-lov-ed was near me, I sank to my knees, for I found
And wait-ed, when lo! thro' the silence His gen-tle voice ten - der - ly said:
Seem'd naught with that question before me, His love fill'd my heart to the brim.
I'll car - ry thy name to the millions, If thou wilt but show me the way.
Touch my lips with a coal from thine altar, And fill me, O Foun-tain of love!"



I had walked with his spirit around me, Like sun-shine for years and for years,
His hand with the mark of the nail-points Received for my sins and for me,
"What fruit dost thou bring of thy service, What sheaves at my feet canst thou lay?
I saw at a glance all the millions Who knew not of him, and I wept;
I'll tell of thy love and compassion, Thy joy when a sin-ner is saved,
And then came this blessed as-sur-ance To thrill me and calm my dis- tress,



His strength and his love had up-held me, And banished my sorrow and tears.
Was stretch'd o'er my head, and I whispered, "Dear Lord, keep me ever by thee."
The fields have long whited the harvest. Hast toiled thro' the heat of the day?"
For oh, there was blood on my garments, And grief thro' my whole being swept.
Thy blood that was shed for their cleansing, Thy name on their foreheads engraved."
"My strength is made perfect in weakness, And lo! I am with thee to bless."



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In the Presence of the King. Concluded.

CHORUS.

In the presence of the King I am standing, And I tremble while there I remain.

For my life has been spent idly waiting, While others have garnered the grain.

No. 81. Home, Home, Sweet Home.

1st. 2d.

1. 'Mid scenes of con - fu - sion and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is com-mun-ion (*Omit.*) with saints!
2. An al - ien from God, and a stranger to grace,
I wan - dered thro' the earth, its gay pleasures (*Omit.*) to trace;
3. The pleas - ures of earth I have seen turned a- way;
They bloom for a sea - son, but soon they (*Omit.*) de - cay;

:S:

To find at the ban-quet of mercy there's room, And feel in the
In the path-way of sin I con - tin - ued to roam, Un - mind-ful, a-
But pleasures more last-ing in Je - sus are giv'n, Sal - va - tion on

D. S. Pre - pare me, dear

FINE. D.S.

pres - ence of Je - sus at home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
las! that it held me from home.
earth and a man-sion in heav'n.

Sav - ior, for glo - ry, my home.

No. 82. Thou Wilt Guide Me.

WILLIS BROWN. Arr. from old Dansk Melody

1. Tho' the temp - ests toss and beat a - round me, Still I
2. Tho' the hosts of Sin en - camp a - bout me, Still, my
3. When in grief, and life seems full of tri - als, Thou canst

will not fear if thou be near; For a Rock of Ref - uge sure will
Sav-ior, thou canst conquer all; In thy strength, as fierce the bat - tle
cheer and lift my soul to thee; In the glorious vis - ion thus be

hide me, Thus se - cure I'll ban - ish ev - 'ry fear.
ra - ges, I shall firm - ly stand while foes shall fall.
fore me, Joy shall come and all my sor - rows flee.

CHORUS.

O my Je - sus, sure - ly thou wilt guide me To a

place where tem - pests all are o'er, Then my soul, se-cure and peaceful

By permission.

Thou Wilt Guide Me. Concluded.

ev - er Tho' the temp - ests beat up - on the shore, Will be

thine, and thine alone my Sav-ior, Safe-ly hide in thee for - ev - er more.

No. 83. Oh, Scatter Kind Words.

GERMAN AIR. Arr.

1. Oh, scat - ter kind words all a - round you, Some
2. Oh, scat - ter kind words by the way - side, Nor
3. Oh, scat - ter kind words to the lone - ly, The
4. Oh, scat - ter kind words all a - round you, Per -

heart in its sor- row will stay; And catch - ing the bright beaming
fan - cy your la - bor in vain; They bless like the beau - ti - ful
friend - less, the weak and depressed; Oh, scat - ter kind words to the
chance when your mis - sion is o'er, The seed you have dropped in a

treas - ures, Find com - fort for man - y a day.
sun - light, They fall and they cheer like the rain.
err - ing, In God shall your la - bor be blest.
mo - ment May bloom on e - ter - ni - ty's shore.

No. 84. The Story Ever New.

W. B. WILLIS BROWN.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry that is ev - er new, The
2. I love to tell the sto - ry, how he bled and died, And
3. I love to tell the sto - ry of the Sav - ior's love, The
4. I love to tell the sto - ry for its sav - ing me, And

sto - ry sweet, the sto-ry true, Of Je - sus and his love, of how he
on the cross was cru-ci-fied, And how the blood flow'd free-ly from his
mansions fair, the home above, The sweetness of his mer - cy like a
how from sin I am set free, I love to tell of Je - sus so that

died for you, How he died on the cross for you.
riv - en side, And my sins were all sat - is - fied.
heav'n-ly dove, That is fall - ing wher - e'er I rove.
you may see How he'll save you e - ter - nal - ly.

CHORUS.

O I love..... to tell the sto - - ry, The
O I love To tell the sto-ry,

sto-ry ev - er true, the sto-ry ev - er new, For I know..... and
For I know

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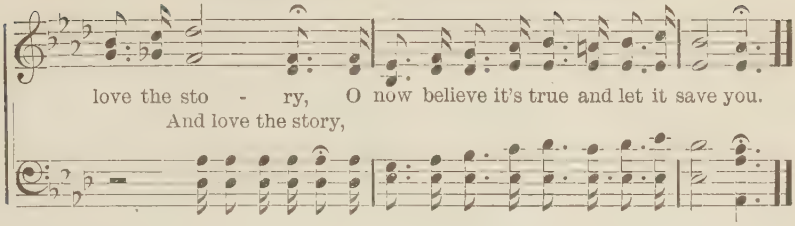
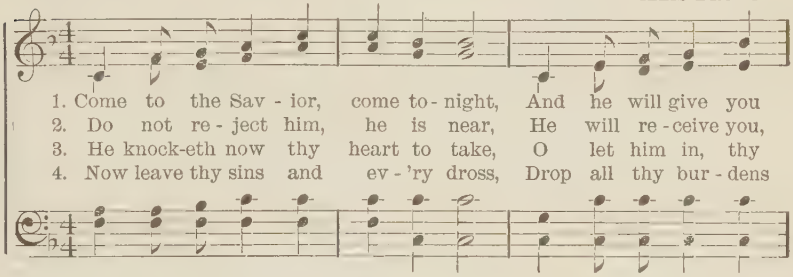
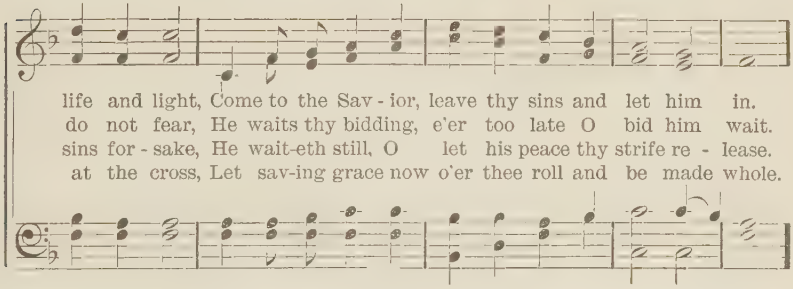
The Story Ever New. Concluded.

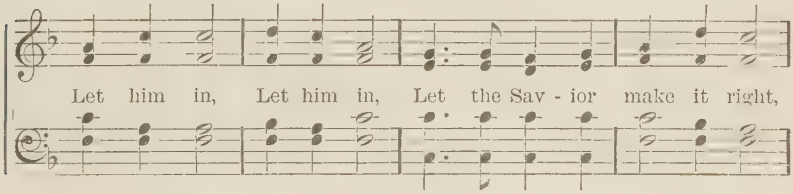


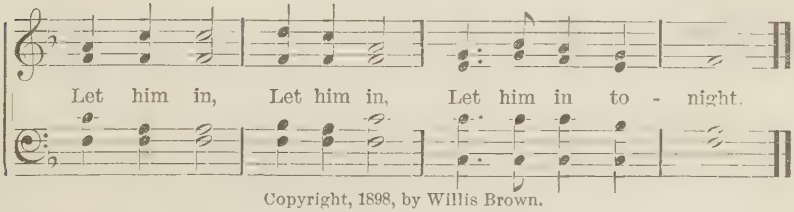
No. 85. Let Him in.

W. B. WILLIS BROWN.









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No. 86. The Lily of the Valley.

English Melody.

1. I have found a friend in Je - sus, he's ev - 'ry thing to me, He's the
2. He all my griefs have tak-en, and all my sorrows borne; In temp-
3. He will nev-er nev - er leave me, nor yet for - sake me here, While I

fair-est of ten-thousand to my soul; The Lil - y of the Valley, in
ta-tion he's my strong and mighty tow'r; I have all for him forsaken, and
live by faith and do his bless-ed will; A wall of fire about me, I've

D. S.— Lil - y of the Valley, the

FINE.

him a - lone I see All I need to cleanse and make me ful - ly whole.
all my i - dols torn From my heart, And now he keeps me by his pow'r.
noth-ing now to fear, With his man-na he my hun-gry soul shall fill.

bright and Morning Star, He's the fair - est of ten-thous-and to my soul.

In sor - row he's my com - fort, in troub - le he's my stay,
Tho' all the world for - sake me, and Sa - tan temps me sore,
Then sweep - ing up to glo - ry, to see his bless - ed face,

D. S.

He tells me ev - 'ry care on him to roll. He's the
Thro' Je - sus I shall safe - ly reach the goal. He's the
Where riv - ers of de - light shall ev - er roll. He's the

No. 87. Give me the Wings of Faith.

REV. I. WATTS. 1700. Arr, by WALTER KITTREDGE.

SOLO.

1. Give me the wings of faith to rise, With - in the vail, and see
2. Once they were mour-ners here be - low, And pour'd out cries and tears;
3. I ask them whence their vict'ry came: They with u - ni - ted breath,

The saints a - bove, how great their joys, How bright their glo - ries be.
They wres-tled hard, as we do now, With sins, and doubts, and fears.
As-cribe their con - quest to the Lamb, Their tri - umph to his death.

CHORUS.

Many are the friends who are waiting to-day, Hap-py on the golden strand,

Man - y are the voic- es call-ing us a - way, To join their glo-rious band,

Repeat pp

Calling us a - way, Calling us a-way, Cail-ing to the bet - ter land.

No. 88. Keep Me.

A. MACNAIR. WILLIS BROWN.

1. When, Oh my Sav - ior, When shall I thy glo - ry see? Oh thou dear
2. Long, Oh my Sav - ior, Sin has darkened all this heart, Cleanse, Oh dear
3. Now, Oh my Sav - ior, When my day is clos - ing fast, Be thou dear

Je - sus, May I dwell with thee? Let thy love ne'er leave me,
Je - sus, Cleanse thou ev'ry part; Let thy love my strength be,
Je - sus, With me to the last; Lead me o'er death's dark sea,

Let thy arm a-bout me be, Till my soul a-wak-ens In e -ter-ni-ty.
Let mine eyes thy beauty see, Keep my soul enraptured For e -ter-ni-ty.
To thy realms where I shall be With loved ones rejoicing In e -ter-ni-ty.

Keep me, Oh keep me, Oh keep me, Thou wilt never, never fail,
Keep me, nev - er fail,
nev - er fail.....

Till I am safe-ly, till I am safe-ly home within the vail.
Till I am..... within the vail.

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No. 89. Battle Hymn of the Republic.

JULIA WARD HOWE. Old Campmeeting Air.

1. Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord: He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps; They have
3. He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall nev-er call re-treat; He is
4. In the beau-ty of the lil-ies Christ was born across the sea, With a

tramping out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
build-ed Him an al-tar in the evening dews and damps; I have
sift-ing out the hearts of men be-fore His judgment seat: Oh, be
glo-ry in His bo-som that trans-fig-ures you and me; As He

loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible quick sword: His truth is marching on.
read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps: His day is marching on.
swift my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant my feet: Our God is marching on.
died to make men holy, let us die to make men free, While God is marching on.

CHORUS.

Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!

Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! His truth is marching on.

No. 90. On the Hilltops.

W. B. WILLIS BROWN.

1. Oh the hill-tops where the shadows of the earth can nev - er rise,
2. Sometimes in our Christian jour-ney, we grow faint a - long the way,
3. Why not live up - on the highlands, of the ev - er - last - ing hills,
4. Sin - ner are you tired of liv - ing, in the gloom of sun-less skies?

And we stand a - bove the mists and in the splen-dor of the skies;
And we wan - der in the val - ley and in dark-ness oft we stray;
Why not join in prais - es ev - er with the songs of rocks and rills?
Raise your eyes and look to Je - sus, see, his glo - ry nev - er dies!

Things of earth be - low for - got - ten, and the glo - ry of the hills,
While up in the hill-tops glow-ing with the prom - ise - es of love,
Why not take the life a - bund-ant, Christ so free - ly of - fers thee;
He will lift you to the hill-tops of his love and ser - vice sure,

Give to us en - rap-tured blessing, and the sight our glad hearts thrills.
Is the heav'n - ly Fath - er call - ing from low paths to heights a - bove.
Give him all, life, soul and ser - vice, and the hill - tops glo - ry see.
Dwell with Christ and taste the blessings that for - ev - er shall en - dure.

CHORUS.

On the hill - tops with their beauty, where earth's clouds can nev - er soar

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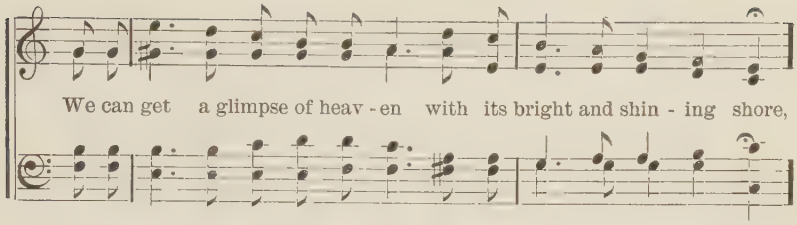
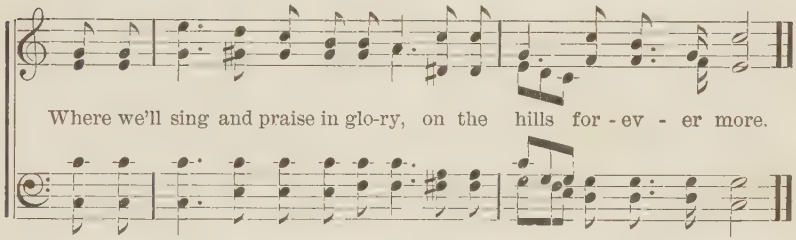
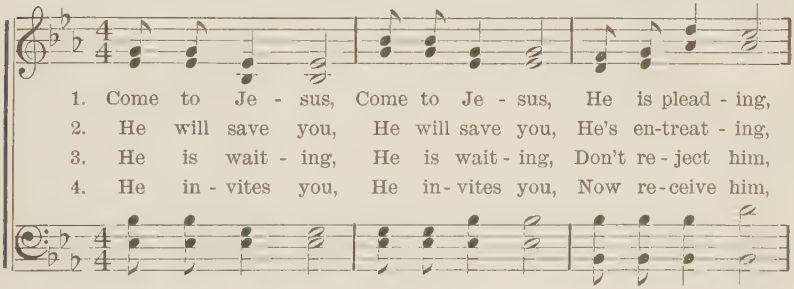
On the Hilltops. Concluded.

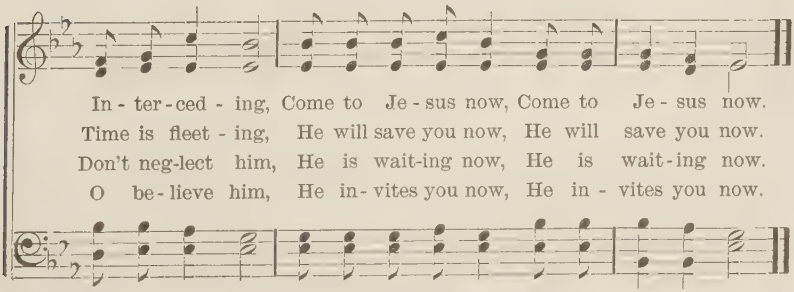




No. 91. Come to Jesus Now.

W. B. WILLIS BROWN.





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No. 92. I Will Arise and Go.

Dr. B. T. Yoke. R. C. Ward.

1. I hear my Sav-ior call-ing me; I will a-rise and go;
2. Yes, un-to him the vil-est may; I will a-rise and go;
3. Dear Sav-ior, here I bring my-self; I will a-rise and go;

Why lon-ger spurn his par-don free? I will a-rise and go.
At Je-sus feet his sins all lay; I will a-rise and go.
Just as I am and, noth-ing else; I will a-rise and go.

Too long have I re-mained in sin, But now I'll let the Sav-ior in
For Je-sus said, "Come un-to me, All who with sin may burden'd be,
Sal-va-tion's not thro' what I've done, But on-ly thro' the Father's Son.

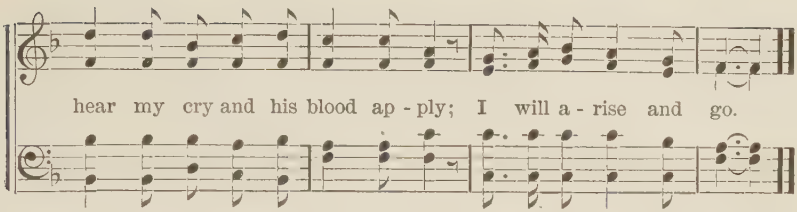
A friend to me he long has been; I will a-rise and go.
And I will make you whol-ly free;" I will a-rise and go.
The blood of our Re-deem-ing one; I will a-rise and go.

Chorus. and go,..... and go,.....

I will a-rise, a-rise and go, I will a-rise, a-rise and go: He'll

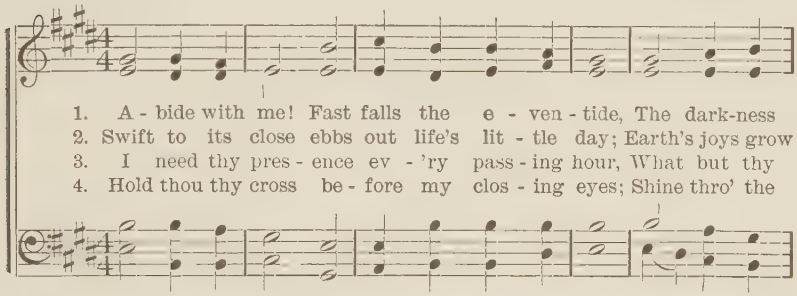
From Tidal Wave by per. R. C. Ward, owner of copyright.

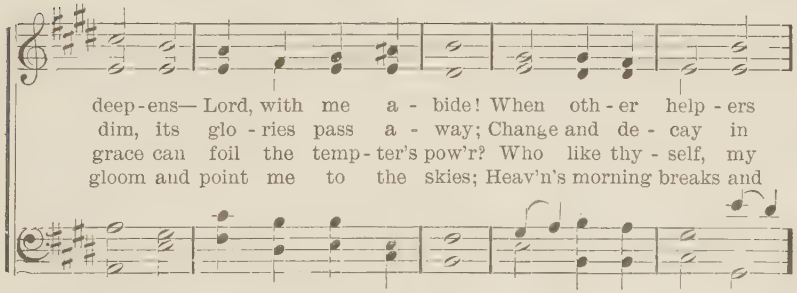
I Will Arise and Go. Concluded.

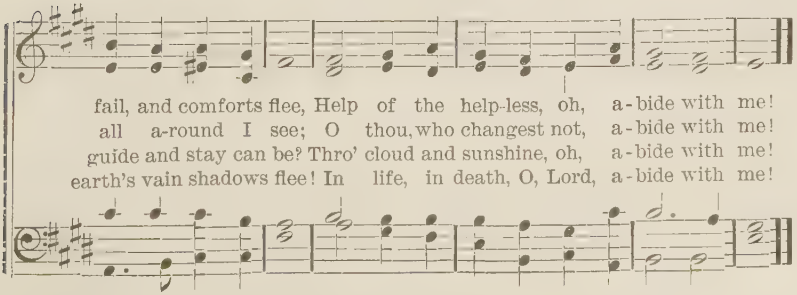


No. 93. Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte. Wm. H. Monk.



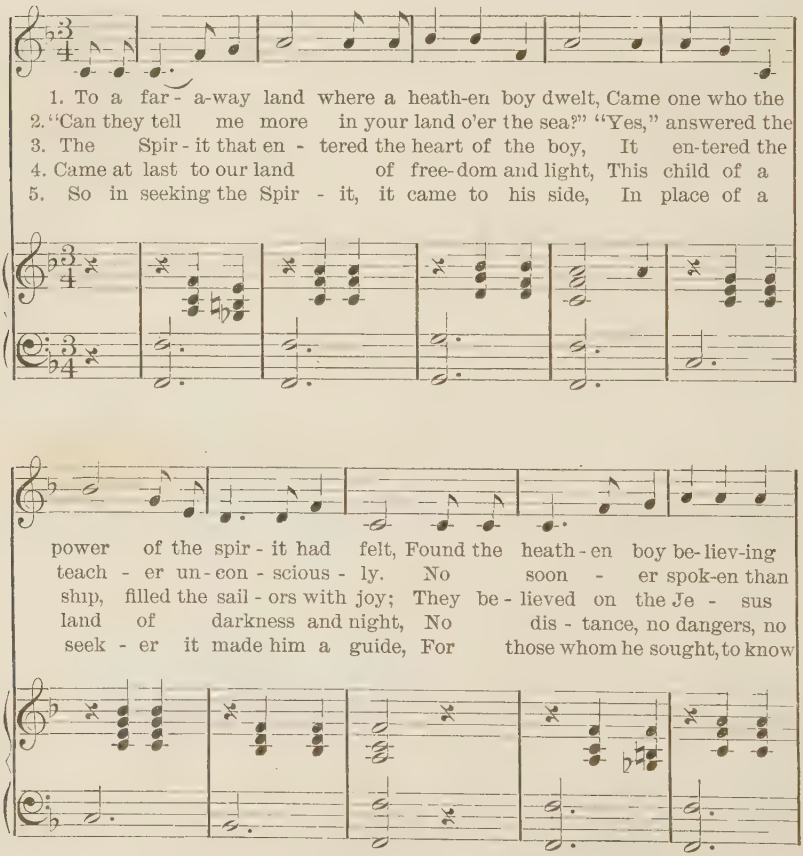




No. 94. Song of the Holy Ghost.

(A Kru boy of Liberia found the Lord. He walked miles to talk with a young lady missionary who was filled with the Holy Ghost, getting full of the Spirit through talks with Stephen Merritt of New York, Secy. to Bishop Taylor. One day, being wearied with a constant repetition, she said to the African boy, "If you want to know any more, you must go to Stephen Merritt; he told me all I know of the Holy Ghost." "I am going; where is he?" She laughingly answered: "In New York." Weary miles he traveled to the coast and by persistent effort got on a sailing vessel. This black boy made a Bethel of the ship; all the sailors were converted. On arriving at New York, he sought at once for Stephen Merritt, who, having an engagement, left this heathen boy in a mission to await his return. When Stephen Merritt returned, the boy was on the platform with seventeen men on their faces around him; he had just pointed them to Jesus. Sunday he spoke a few words at the Sunday School and immediately the altar was full of young people; and Stephen Merritt says he found the full power of the Holy Ghost when, in riding through the city in a coach, showing the Kru boy the sights, a great black hand was placed on him, and the two knelt together in the coach and the black boy prayed for the Spirit. And through his entire life did this Kru boy by the very influence of the Spirit in him, bring all to Jesus with whom he came in contact.)

W. B. WILLIS BROWN.



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Song of the Holy Ghost. Concluded.

on Je - sus' word, But know-ing not the full joy of the Lord.
for dis-tant shore, The boy quick-ly start-ed to find out more.
preached by the life Of the heathen boy dwelling midst sea - men's strife.
hin-dranc-es there; But "Come, Ho-ly Spir - it," this all was his prayer.
more of the truth, Were baptized by the Spir- it,— taught by this youth.

CHORUS.

O, 'tis not all to be - lieve on the Sav - ior, 'Tis not
all to re-ceive His love; If ye would be ves - sels of
ser - vice His Spir - it must come like a dove For he that in
ser - vice does the most, Must have the power of the Ho - ly Ghost.

No. 95. Till Thy Face I See.

REV. O. E. MURRAY. Arranged.

1. Je - sus, my Sav-ior, Let my love with thine entwine; Strengthen and help me, By thy pow'r di-vine. I am weak and sinful, Come and cleanse me from my guilt, By the blood so precious On Cal - v'ry spilt.

2. He trod the winepress, Till it ran with purest blood, Stained were his garments In the crim-son flood. O this healing fountain, Flowing from thy bleed-ing side, Now for my heart's cleansing, Let it be ap - plied.

3. His wounds plead with me, And they move my inmost heart, Spear-wounds, and thorn-prints, Make the tear-drops start. I do love thee, Jesus, For the thorns that pierced thy brow, O-pened up the fountain; Cleans-ing my heart now.

4. To thy heart, Je-sus, I have found a way so clear, Near - er than Roman, Found with his keen spear. As a help-less sinner To the bless-ed Christ I came, And he saved me, ful-ly, From my sin and shame.

rit.

p CHORUS.

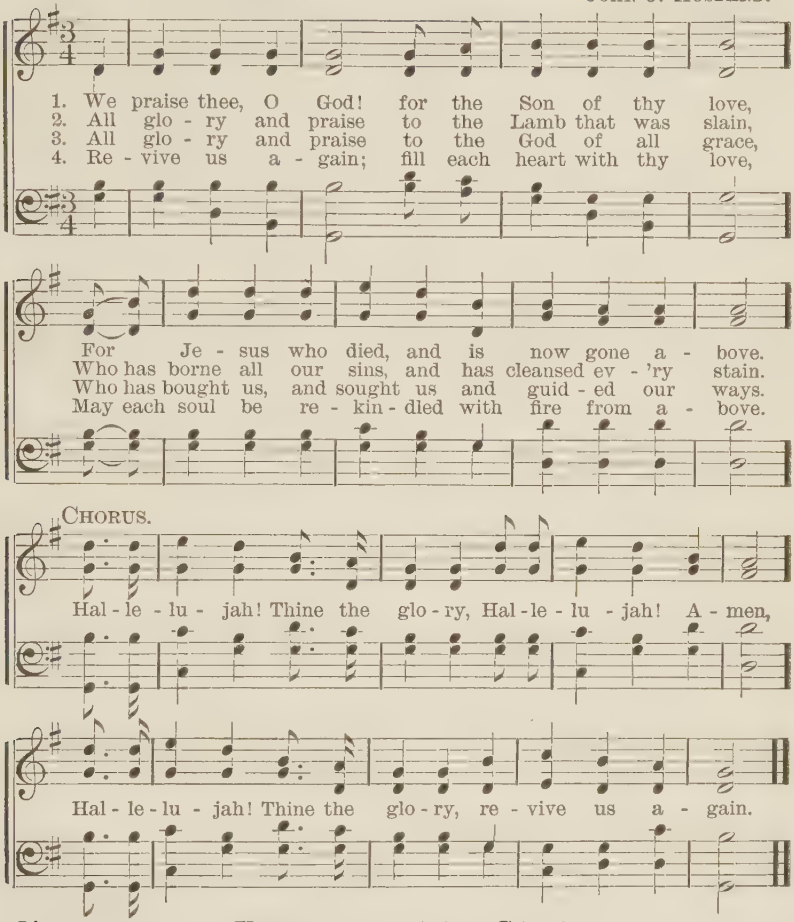
Je - sus, my Sav - ior, Thou hast shed thy blood for me;

p *rit. dim*

Keep me pure and ho - ly, Till thy face I see.

No. 96. Revive us Again.

REV. WM. PATON MACKEY. JOHN J. HUSBAND.



No. 97. Rejoice and be Glad.

1 Rejoice and be glad!
The Redeemer has come!
Go look on his cradle,
His cross and his tomb.

CHORUS. Sound his praises, tell the story
Of him who was slain;
Sound his praises, tell with gladness,
He liveth again.

2 Rejoice and be glad!
It is sunshine at last!
The clouds have departed,
The shadows are past.—CHO.

3 Rejoice and be glad!
For the blood hath been shed;
Redemption is finished,
The price has been paid.—CHO.

4 Rejoice and be glad!
Now the pardon is free!
The Just for the unjust
Hath died on the tree.—CHO.

5 Rejoice and be glad!
For the Lamb that was slain,
O'er death is triumphant,
And liveth again.—CHO.

6 Rejoice and be glad!
For our Lord is on high;
He pleadeth for us on
His throne in the sky.—CHO.

7 Rejoice and be glad!
For he cometh again;
He cometh in glory,
The Lamb that was slain.—CHO.

REV. H. BONAR.

No. 98. And When the Battle's Over.

ISAAC WATTS. Arr.

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A foll-'wer of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?

2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow-'ry beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?

3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace To help me on to God?

4. Sure I must fight if I would reign; In-crease my cour-age Lord:
I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by thy word.

CHORUS.

And when the bat-tle's o-ver we shall wear a crown!

Yes, we shall wear a crown! Yes! we shall wear a crown!

:S: FINE.

And when the battle's over we shall wear a crown In the new Je-ru-sa-lem.

D S.

Wear a crown, wear a crown, Wear a bright and shin-ing crown;
Wear a crown, wear a crown,

No. 99. The Waters of Jordan May Roll.

B. B. BALLINGTON BOOTH.

1. The waves of death's river are dark and cold, But Je-sus Him-
2. On this side the riv-er is war and strife 'Gainst sin by
3. On this side the riv-er a heav'n-ly peace Is offered to
4. As we ford the riv-er in sight of the land, Our lov'd ones will

self has passed thro'; The Sav-ior in mer-cy thy hand will hold:
God's faith-ful few, Yet trem-bling sinners are en-t'ring life,
you and to me; From doubting and sin there is sweet re-lease,
wel-come us o'er; We'll clasp their hands on the shin-ing strand,

CHORUS.

His prom-ise is faith-ful and true.
The pow'r that will car-ry them thro'. Oh, the wa-ters of
Till cross-ing with Je-sus to be.
And sing on the gold-en shore.

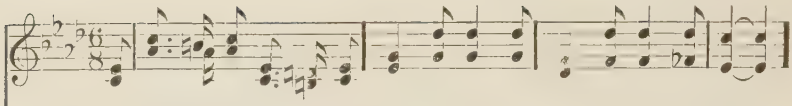
Jor-dan may roll, But Je-sus will car-ry me thro'; His

peace is now fill-ing my soul, Oh, that it were giv-en to you!

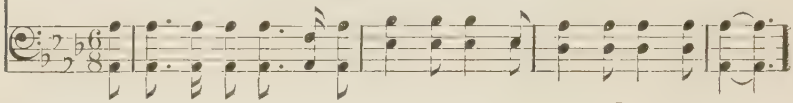
By permission.

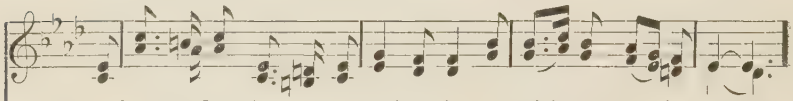
No. 100. Faith, Hope, Love.

W. B. WILLIS BROWN.

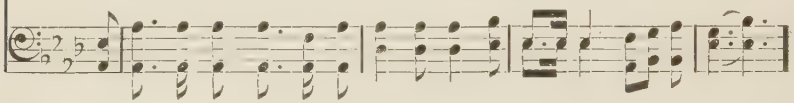


1. The faith of the Christian what pow'r bestows 'Gainst evil foes and wrong;
2. O Hope, the sweet hope of the faithful heart, Will nev-er part from thee,
3. Sweet Love ev-er read - y the cross to bear, The crown to wear tho' thorns,
4. For you and for me the dear Savior's blood, In crimson flood has flowed.

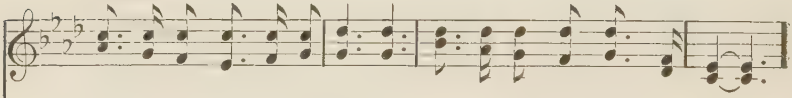




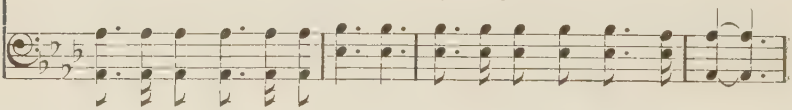
The lowly and weak one can say with might, Thy faith hath made me strong,
If ev - er you keep near the cross, its peace Will e'er thy comfort be.
The great-est of all and its spotless robe The con-trite heart a . dorns.
Then let us be faithful, have hope and love, He hath on us be - stowed.

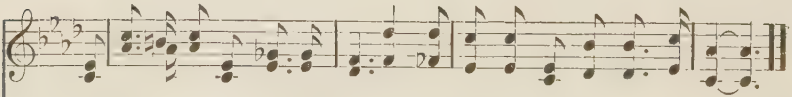


CHORUS.

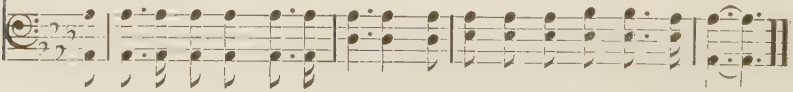


O, can you say you are faithful? O, is your heart full of love?





Does daily your hope lift the burdens And bring you sweet peace from above?



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No. 101. In the Christian's Home in Glory.

SAMUEL YOUNG HARMER. WM. MCDONALD.

1. In the Christian's home in glo - ry, There re - mains a land of rest,
2. Pain and sickness ne'er shall en - ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share.
3. Sing, oh, sing ye heirs of glo - ry, Shout your triumph as you go.

There my Sav-ior's gone be - fore me To ful - fil my soul's re - quest.
But in that ce - les - tial cen - tre I a crown of life shall wear.
Zi - on's gate will o - pen for you, You shall find an entrance thro'.

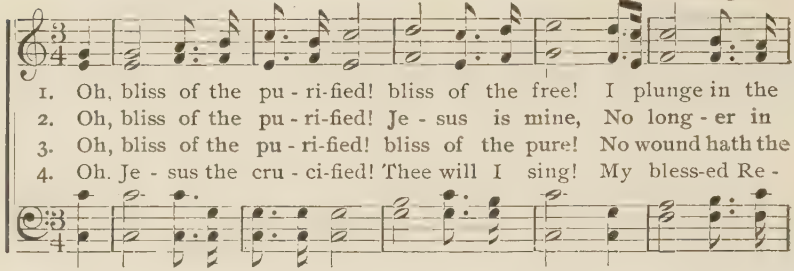
CHORUS.

There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry,
On the oth-er side of Jor - dan, In the sweet fields of E - den,

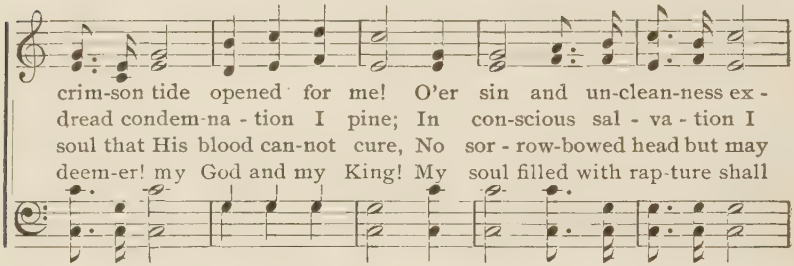
There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for you.
Where the tree of life is bloom-ing, There is rest for you.

No. 102. Oh, Sing of His Mighty Love.

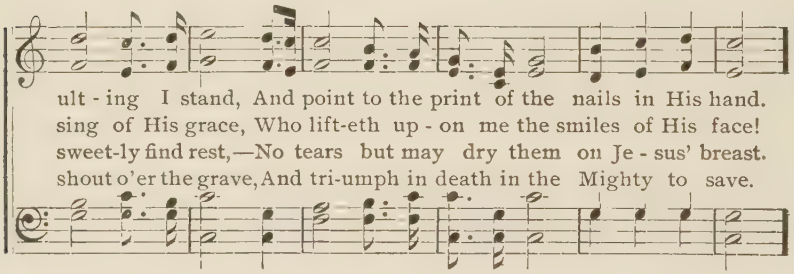
Rev. F. Bottome. Arranged.



1. Oh, bliss of the pu - ri-fied! bliss of the free! I plunge in the
2. Oh, bliss of the pu - ri-fied! Je - sus is mine, No long - er in
3. Oh, bliss of the pu - ri-fied! bliss of the pure! No wound hath the
4. Oh. Je - sus the cru - ci-fied! Thee will I sing! My bless-ed Re -

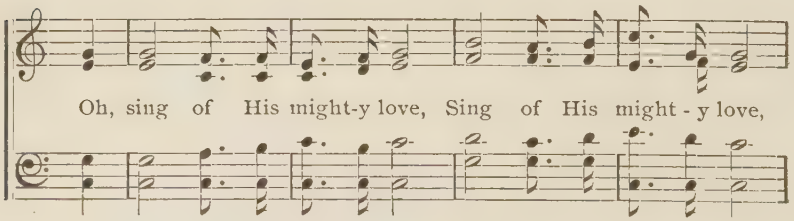


crim-son tide opened for me! O'er sin and un-clean-ness ex -
dread condem-na - tion I pine; In con-scious sal - va - tion I
soul that His blood can-not cure, No sor - row-bowed head but may
deem-er! my God and my King! My soul filled with rap-ture shall

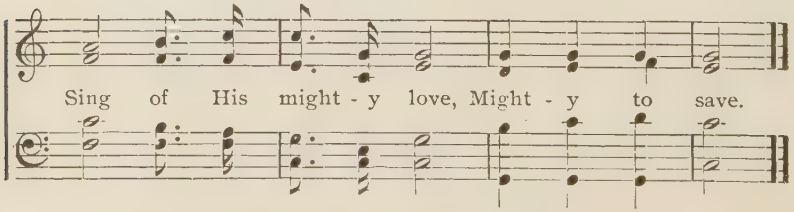


ult - ing I stand, And point to the print of the nails in His hand.
sing of His grace, Who lift-eth up - on me the smiles of His face!
sweet-ly find rest,—No tears but may dry them on Je - sus' breast.
shout o'er the grave, And tri-umph in death in the Mighty to save.

Chorus.



Oh, sing of His might-y love, Sing of His might - y love,



Sing of His might - y love, Might - y to save.

No. 103. Homeward Bound.

REV. W. F. WARREN. C. S. HARRINGTON.

1. Out on an o - cean all bound-less we ride, We're homeward bound,
2. Wild - ly the storm sweeps us on as it roars, We're homeward bound,
3. In - to the har - bor of heav - en we glide, We're home at last,

homeward bound; Toss'd on the waves of a rough, rest - less tide,
homeward bound; Look! yon - der lie the bright heav - en - ly shores,
home at last; Soft - ly we drift on its bright sil - ver tide,

We're homeward bound, homeward bound. Far from the safe, qui - et
We're homeward bound, homeward bound. Stead - y, O pi - lot! stand
We're home at last, home at last. Glo - ry to God! all our

har - bor we've rode, Seek - ing our Fath-er's ce - les - tial a - bode,
firm at the wheel, Stead-y! we soon shall out - weath - er the gale,
dan-gers are o'er, We stand se - cure on the glo - ri - fied shore.

Promise of which on us each he bestowed, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
O, how we fly'neath the loud creaking sail, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
Glory to God! we will shout evermore, We're home at last, home at last.

No. 104. Our Flag.

Words and Music by WILLIS BROWN.

Dedicated to the Blue and Gray Legion, and sung for the first time, May 1, 1898, in the First M. E. Church of Chicago, Ill. on the occasion of a special address to the Legion, by Dr. J. P. Brushingham.

Moderato.

1. Float on the breeze O'er free-men brave; Float o'er the
Float o'er our homes, O'er church spires tall, O'er cit - y
2. In oth - er lands, 'Neath ty - rant's might, Float where the
Pro - tect the weak, Give strength to fear, Bid all who
3. O, God, we raise To Thee our voice; We sing Thy
Red, White and Blue, Float all our days; Our ban - ner

Last time rit. ff.

leas, Float o'er the wave;
domes, Float o - ver all— Our Flag! Our Flag!
bands For free - dom fight;
seek, Find safe - ty near; Our Flag! Our Flag!
praise For free - men's choice.
true, Lead all our ways, Our Flag! Our Flag!

CHORUS.

The emblem of our land so free, We shout when-e'er its folds we see;

We give our praise great God, to Thee For this our flag of lib - er - ty.

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No. 105. America.

S. F. Smith. Henry Carey.

1. My coun - try, 'Tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze And ring from all the trees
4. Our Fa - ther's God, to thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

f

Of thee I sing. Land where my Fa - thers died, Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet freedom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that
To thee we sing. Long may our land be bright With free-dom's

pilgrim's pride, From ev - 'ry moun-tain side Let free-dom ring.
tem - pled hills; My heart with rap-ture thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe partake, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro-long.
ho - ly light, Pro - tect us by thy might, Great God our King.

No. 106. To-day the Savior Calls.

S. F. Smith. Dr. Lowell Mason.

1. Today the Savior calls: Ye wand'rers, come; O ye benighted souls, Why longer roam?
2. Today the Savior calls: O hear him now; Within these sacred walls To Jesus bow.
3. Today the Savior calls: For refuge fly; The storm of justice falls, And death is nigh.
4. The spirit calls today: Yield to his pow'r; O grieve him not away, 'Tis mercy's hour.

No. 107. Forever Here My Rest.

CHAS. WESLEY. Old Melody.

1. For - ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to thy bleed-ing side;
2. My dy-ing Sav - ior, and my God, Foun - tain for guilt and sin,
3. Wash me, and make me thus thine own; Wash me and mine thou art;
4. The atonement of thy blood ap-ply, Till faith to sight im - prove;

CHORUS. I do be - lieve, I now be - lieve, That Je - sus died for me;

This all my hope, and all my plea, "For me the Sav - ior died."
Sprin-kle me ev - er with thy blood, And cleanse and keep me clean.
Wash me, but not my feet a - lone, My hands, my head, my heart.
Till hope in full fru - i - tion die, And all my soul be love.

And thro' his blood, his precious blood, I shall from sin be free.

No. 108. Come to Jesus.

1. Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now,

Just now come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.

2. He will save you.
3. Oh, believe him.
4. He is able.
5. He is willing.
6. He'll receive you.
7. Call upon him.
8. He will hear you.
9. Look unto him.
10. He'll forgive you.
11. Flee to Jesus.
12. Only trust him.
13. Jesus loves you.
14. Don't reject him.
15. I believe him.
16. Hallelujah, Amen.

No. 109. Jerusalem the Golden.

REV. J. M. NEALE. ALEXANDER EWING.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest,
2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,
3. There is the throne of Da - vid, And there, from care re-leased,
4. O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, The home of God's e - lect!

Be - neath thy con - tem-pla-tion Sink heart and voice op - prest:
And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng:
The song of them that triumph, The shout of them that feast:
O sweet and bless - ed coun-try That eag - er hearts ex - pect!

I know not, O, I know not What joy a - wait us there;
The Prince is ev - er in them, The day-light is se - rene;
And they who, with their Lead - er, Have conquered in the fight,
Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us To that dear land of rest;

What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What light be - yond com-pare.
The pas - tures of the bless - ed Are decked in glori - ous sheen.
For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.
Who art, with God the Fa-ther, And Spir - it ev - er blest.

By permission.

No. 110. Are the Boys Safe To-night?

GEORGIA H. M'LEOD. R. C. WARD.

(May be sung as Solo and Chorus.)

1. The storm's abroad, the wind is keen, The hail falls thick and fast;
2. In pal-ace homes our ru - lers dwell, Whose mon - ey keeps them there?
3. But mother's tears and mother's prayers, Between their souls and death.

Are the boys for whom we brighten home, Out in the win - try blast?
The drunkard's child on straw may lie, Or per - ish a - ny-where.
Each min-ute's knell if tolled, the bell Like sad and sobbing breath

If this were all we should not grieve, That they are out of sight;
The downward way the boys are on, Will lead to ru - in's blight.
Would tell a blight - ed life had gone, A soul shut from the light.

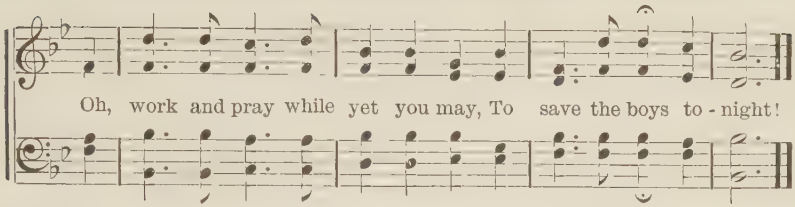
The Rum-King seeks his vic - tims now— Are the boys safe to-night?
Shall we id - ly sit, and fold our hands? Are the boys safe to-night?
O God! thy peo - ple rouse to work and save the boys to-night!

CHORUS.

Oh, save the boys! Oh, save the boys! Oh, save the boys to-night!
Oh, save the boys to-night! Oh, save the boys to-night!

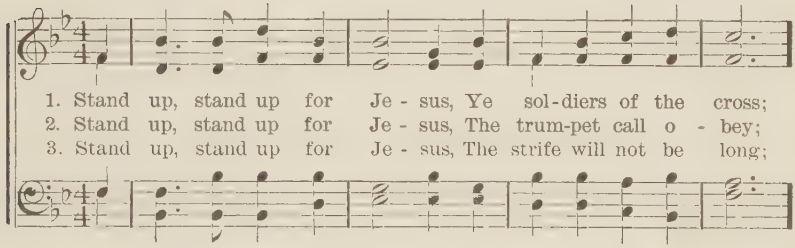
From Tidal Wave by per. R C. Ward, owner of copyright.

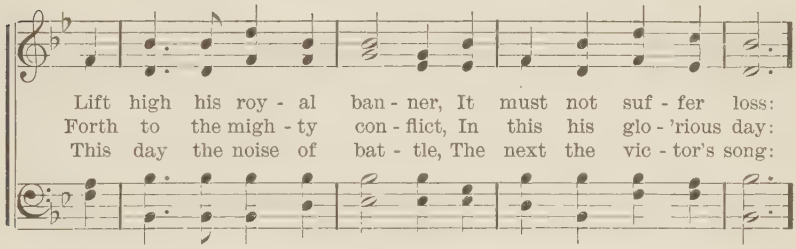
Are the Boys Safe To-night? Concluded.

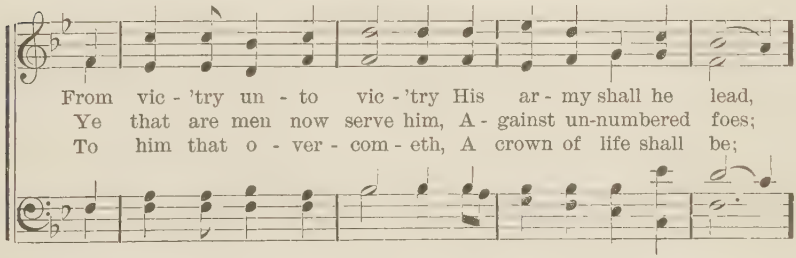


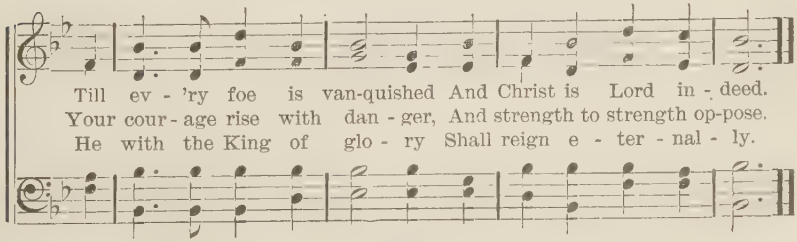
No. 111. Stand up for Jesus.

GEO. DUFFIELD. G. J. WEBB.









No. 112. Fighting.

W. B. WILLIS BROWN.

1. In the ar - my of the Lord we fight, 'Gainst the foes of man-hood, truth and right; We are fight-ing sin and wrong, and we are strong, For in Christ we have might; So we're not dis-mayed by hosts of sin, For our King in bat - tle sure will win.

2. Nev - er fal - ter in the con - flict strife; Nev - er wav - er in this fight for life; For if oth - ers fall or wav - er, you be brav - er. Nev - er leave the strife; For the hosts of God a - bove give aid Un - to those who will not be dismayed.

3. Come and join the ar - my of the Lord, For He promised vic - t'ry in His word; Join the hosts ad - vanc - ing for - ward, nev - er back - ward, Gird on truth's sure sword; Then we sing with ban - ners float - ing high, "Je - sus leads for vic-t'ry," fight, or die.

CHORUS.

Fight-ing for a King Who will give us vic - to - ry, Our Fight - ing, fight - ing for a King, yes,

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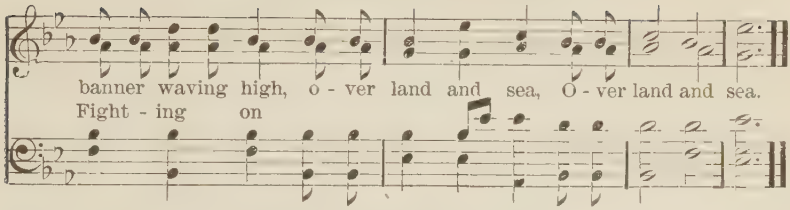
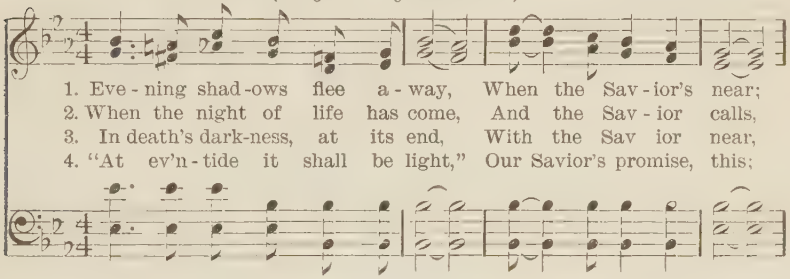
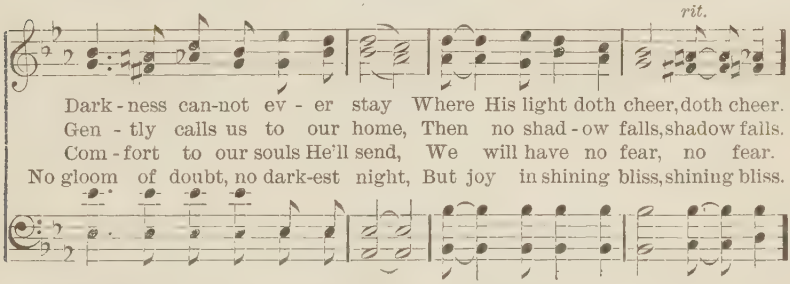
Fighting. Concluded.



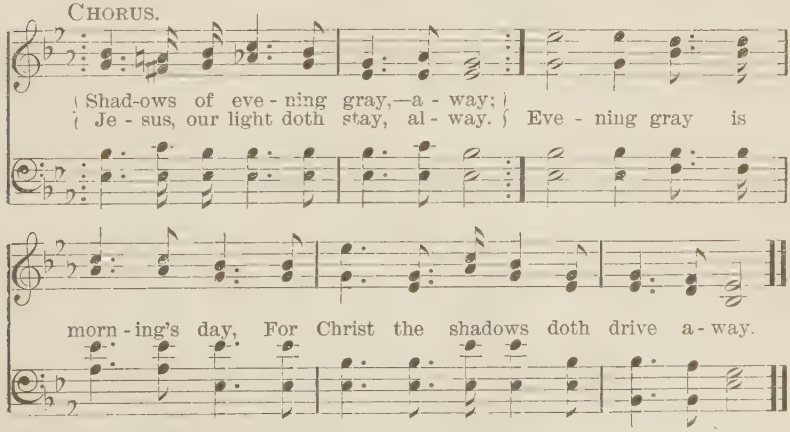
No. 113. When Shadows Flee.

W. B. (*May be sung as a Duet.*) WILLIS BROWN.





CHORUS.



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No. 114. Sing a Hymn to Jesus.

Selected. F. L. Robertshaw.

1. Sing a hymn to Je - sus When the heart is faint, Tell it all to Je - sus, Comfort or com-plaint. If the work is sor - row, If the way is long, If thou dread'st to-mor-row, Tell it Him in song.
2. Je - sus, we are low - ly Thou art ver - y high, We are all un- ho - ly, Thou art pu - ri - ty; We are frail and fleeting, Thou art still the same. All life's joys are meeting In Thy blessed name.
3. All His words are music Tho' they make me weep, In - fi - nite-ly ten-der, In - fi-nite - ly deep. Time can never render All in Him I see, In - fi-nite - ly ten-der, Human de - i - ty.
4. Je - sus, let me love Thee In - fi - nite-ly sweet What are the poor o - dors I bring to Thy feet. Yet I love Thee, love Thee, Come in- to my heart And ere long re-move me To be where Thou art.

Refrain.

Sing a hymn to Je - sus When the heart is faint,
sing a hymn

Tell it all to Je - sus, Com - fort or com - plaint.

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No. 115. Don't Keep Jesus Waiting.

E. A. H. Arranged.

1. Come, come to Je - sus! do not keep Him waiting! Has He not called thee
2. Lin - ger no long-er, don't keep Jesus waiting! Come, at His foot-stool
3. Why dost teou linger? why keep Jesus waiting? Why still refuse His
4. Lin - ger-ing still, and He in patience waiting Waiting to cleanse thy

o'er and o'er? Lin - ger no lon - ger, come in faith be-liev-ing,
hum - bly bow; Did He not die to pur-chase thy re-demp-tion?
of - fered peace? Why hold to sin and turn a-way the Sav - ior?
heart from sin: O what com-pas-sion! O what wondrous mer-cy

D. S.—*Lin - ger no lon - ger, come in faith be-liev - ing,*

FINE. CHORUS.

Give Him thy heart, and sin no more.
Will He not free - ly par - don now? Don't keep Him waiting,
Why thus re - quite such love as His?
O - pen thy heart, and let Him in.

And share His love e - ter - nal - ly.

D. S.

Don't keep Je-sus wait-ing, Give Him the heart He claims from thee.

By permision.

No. 116. All The Way To Calvary.

T. H. S. Arr. by T. H. S.

All the way to Cal - var - y He went for me, He

went for me, He went for me; All the way to

FINE.

Cal - var - y He went for me, And now He sets me free,

1. Oh, I had so many, many sins, But He took them all a - way
2. Oh, I had so many, many stains, But He took them all a - way
3. Oh, I had so many, many doubts, But He took them all a - way
4. Oh, I had so many, many, fears, But He took them all a - way.

D. C. for Chorus.

when He pardoned me, But He took them all away when He pardoned me.

No. 117. I Love To Sing.

G. H. C. GRACE HELEN CAREY.

1. I love of my joys to sing, They are joys from Christ my King;
2. As on each day I go, Jour-ney-ing life's path be - low,
3. When my poor soul shall wake, And earth-ly cares for - sake,

For to Him my cares I bring, Leave to Him my ev - 'ry
I rest be-cause I know Of the strength Christ doth be -
The dawn of heav'n shall break, And my joys will con- su -

thing, And with praise my an - thems ring.
stow, How His love my heart doth glow.
mate, For I've sung for Je - sus' sake.

CHORUS.

O, I love to sing the song, And join the ev - er - last-ing

throng, That to the ar - my of the Lord be - long.

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No. 118. Ask and Receive.

W. B. WILLIS BROWN.

1. "My servant lies dy - ing, O, grant his life; In faith, my
2. A sight - less beg - gar, He's ask - ing alms, And Je - sus
3. The kingdom of heav - en, O seek ye first; So doth His

Lord, I plead, Just speak the word, 'Thy ser - vant lives,' And
pass - ing by, "O, give me sight, Thou Son of God," Is
word re - cord, For faith and love will sure - ly give, If

that is all I need." The Sav - ior spoke the heal - ing words,
heard the beg - gar's cry, The Sav - ior stopped, He touch'd the eyes,
first ye seek the Lord, Thy sins for - sake, His prom - ise take,

The one who asked be - lieved, The deed was done, a soul was won,
That on - ly know the night; The night was day, with - out de - lay,
Give all to Je - sus now; And He will give, and you'll re - ceive,

CHORUS.

Faith asked and faith re - ceived. Ask and ye shall re-ceive,
The beg - gar had his sight.
When at His throne you bow.

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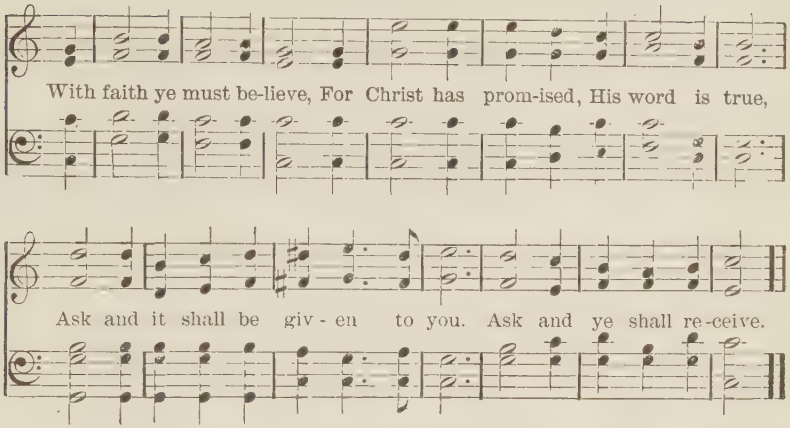
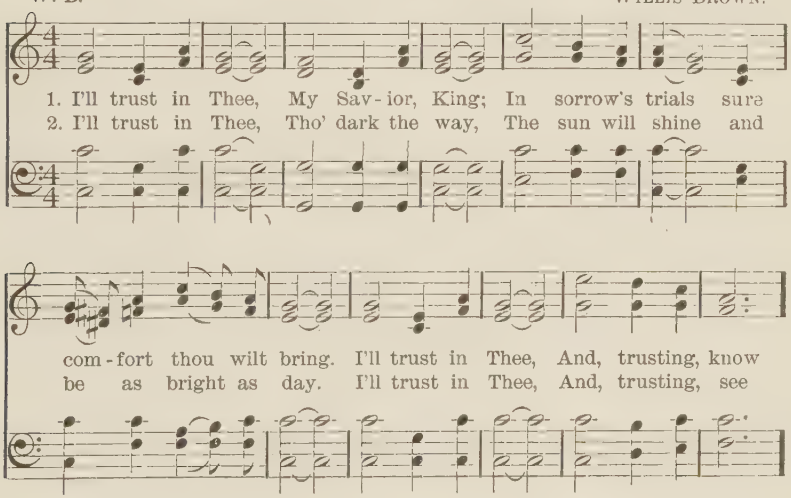
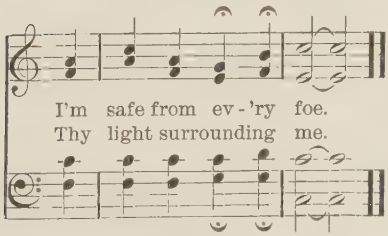
Ask and Receive. Concludod.



No. 119. I'll Trust In Thee.

W. B. WILLIS BROWN.





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3. I'll trust in Thee,
When joy is mine,
And praise Thee with a heart that's wholly Thine.
I'll trust in Thee,
And, trusting, praise, my songs I'll ever raise.

4. I'll trust in Thee,
When death shall come;
I know the promise of dwelling in Thy home.
I'll trust in Thee,
For death will give, eternal life to live.

No. 120. Joy to the World.

ISAAC WATTS. HANDEL.

1. Joy to the world; the Lord is come; Let earth re - ceive her King,
2. Joy to the earth; the Savior reigns; Let men their songs em - ploy;
3. No more let sins and sorrows grow, Nor thorns in - fest the ground;
4. He rules the world with truth and grace. And makes the nations prove

Let ev - 'ry heart pre-pare him room, And heav'n and nature sing,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains, Repeat the sounding joy,
He comes to make his bless-ings flow Far as the curse is found,
The glo - ries of his righteousness, And won-ders of his love,

And heav'n and na-
Repeat the sound-
Far as the curse,
And wonders of

And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n, And heav'n and nature sing.
Re - peat the sound-ing joy, Re - peat, Re-peat, the sounding joy.
Far as the curse is found, Far as, Far as the curse is found.
And won-ders of his love, And wonders, won-ders, of his love.

ture sing, And heav'n and nature sing,
ing joy, Re-peat the sounding joy,
is found, Far as the curse is found,
his love, And wonders of his love,

No. 121. Come, Ye Sinners.

HART. J. INGALLS.

1. { Come, ye sinners, poor and need-y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r. }
2. { Now, ye need - y, come and welcome, God's free bounty glo - ri - fy;
True be - lief and true re - pentance, Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh. }

Come, Ye Sinners. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Turn to the Lord, and seek sal-va-tion, Sound the praise of his dear name,

Glo - ry, hon - or, and sal - va-tion, Christ the Lord is come to reign.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him.

4 Come ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.

No. 122. Lord, We Come Before Thee.

WILLIAM HAMMOND. IGNACE PLEYEL.

1. Lord, we come be - fore thee now! At thy feet we hum-bly bow;
2. Lord, on thee our souls de - pend, In com-pas-sion now de-scend,
3. In thine own ap - point-ed way, Now we seek thee, here we stay;
4. Send some mes-sage from thy word, That may joy and peace af - ford;

O do not our suit dis - dain; Shall we seek thee, Lord in vain?
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace, Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
Lord, we know not how to go, Till a bless - ing thou be - stow.
Let thy Spir - it now im - part Full sal - va - tion to each heart.

No. 123. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

REV. E. PERRONET. O. HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels pros-trate fall; Bring
2. Let ev-'ry kin-dred, ev-'ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball; To
3. Oh, that with yon-der sa-cred throng, We at his feet may fall, We'll

forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown him Lord of all; Bring
him all maj-es-ty as-cribe, And crown him Lord of all; To
join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown him Lord of all; We'll

forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown him Lord of all.
him all maj-es-ty as-cribe, And crown him Lord of all.
join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown him Lord of all.

No. 124. Come, Thou Fount.

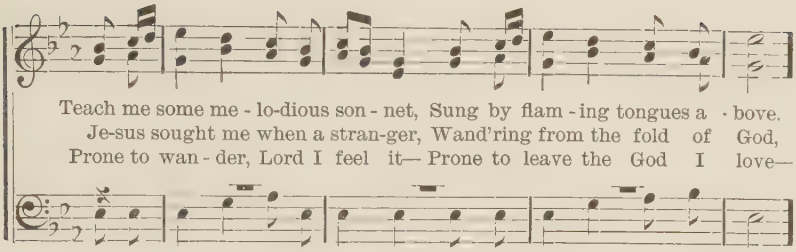
GEO. ROBINSON. Unknown.

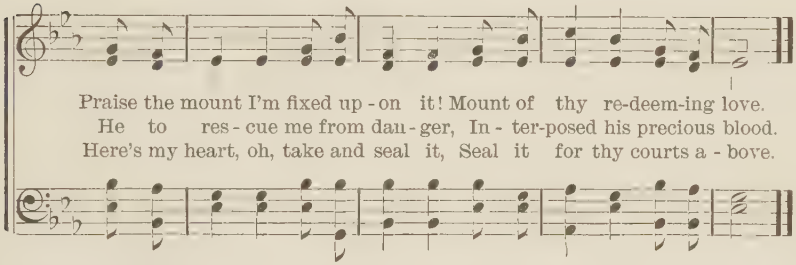
1. Come, thou Fount of ev-'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace
Streams of mer-cy, Nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise;

2. Here I'll raise my Eb-e-ne-zer, Hith-er by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure, Safe-ly to ar-rive at home.

3. Oh, to grace, how great a debt-or, Dai-ly I'm constrained to be!
Let thy good-ness, like a fet-ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to thee;

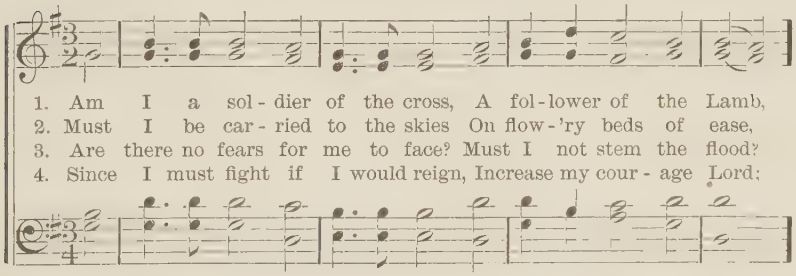
Come, Thou Fount. Concluded.

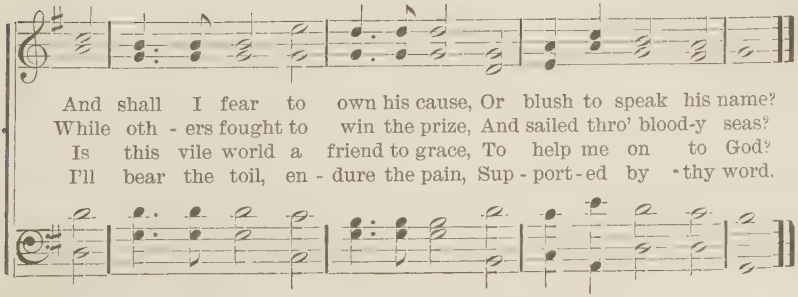




No. 125. Am I a Soldier?

ISAAC WATTS. THOS. ARNE.





No. 126. Holy, Holy, Holy!

REV. JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Holy, holy, ho - ly! Lord God Al-might-ty! Ear-ly in the morn-ing, Our songs shall rise to thee; Ho - ly, ho-ly, ho - ly!
2. Holy, holy, ho - ly! All saints a-dore thee, Casting down their golden crowns Around the glass - y sea; Cher-ub-im and Seraphim
3. Holy, holy, ho - ly! Lord God Al-might-ty! All thy work shall praise thy name In earth and sky and sea: Ho - ly, ho-ly, ho - ly!

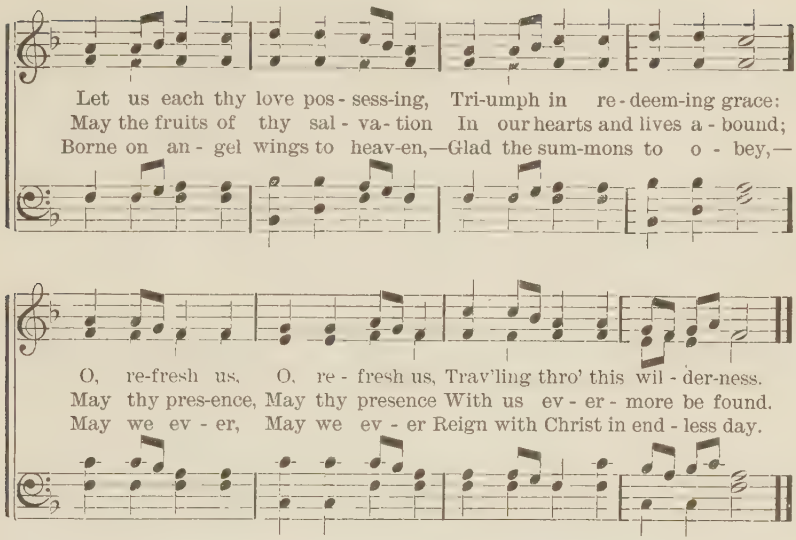
Mer-ci-ful and might-y! God in three Persons, Bless-ed Trin - i - ty!
Falling down be-fore thee, Which wert and art and Ev - ermore shalt be.
Mer-ci-ful and might-y! God in three Persons, Bless-ed Trin - i - ty!

No. 127. Lord Dismiss Us.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

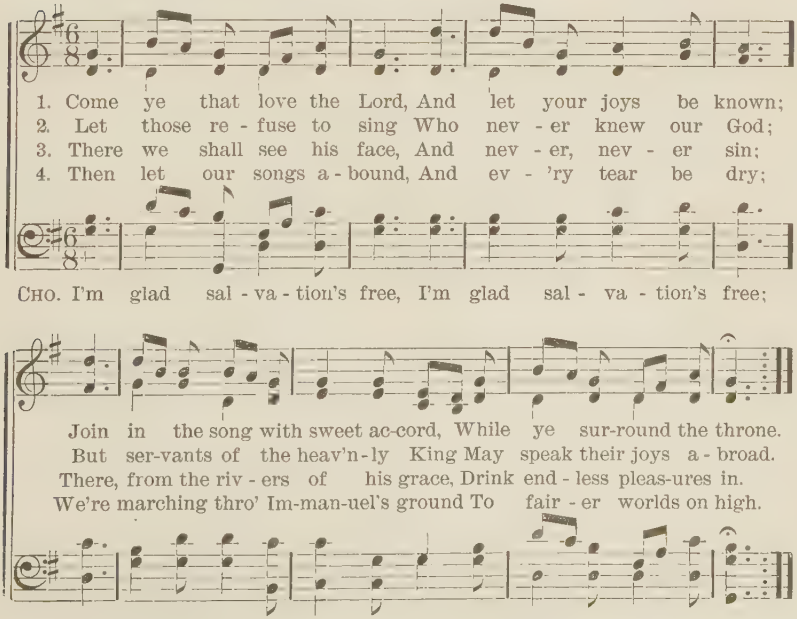
1. Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing; Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
2. Thanks we give, and ad - o - ra - tion, For the gos-pel's joy-ful sound;
3. Then, whene'er the sig-nal's giv-en Us from earth to call a-way,

Lord Dismiss Us. Concluded.



No. 128. Come ye that Love the Lord.

ISAAC WATTS. Arr.



No. 129. Rock of Ages.

REV. A. M. TOPLADY. Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee;
2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fil thy law's de-mands;
3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring, Sim - ply to the cross I cling;
4. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When mine eyes shall close in death,

Let thy wa - ters and the blood, From thy riv - en side which flow'd,
Could my zeal no res - pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
Nak - ed, come to thee for dress, Help - less, look to thee for grace;
When I soar to worlds un-known, See thee on thy judgement throne,

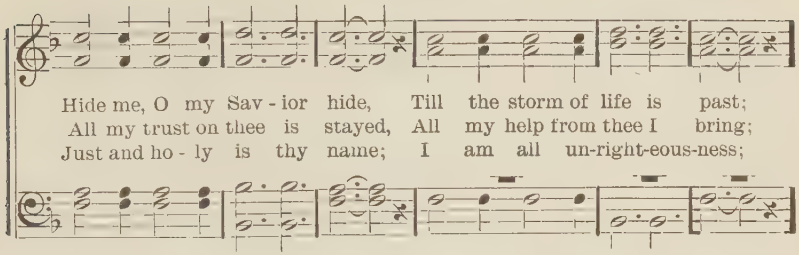
Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save me from its guilt and pow'r.
All for sin could not at - tone; Thou must save and thou a - lone.
Foul, I to the foun-tain fly, Wash me Sav - ior, or I die.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee.

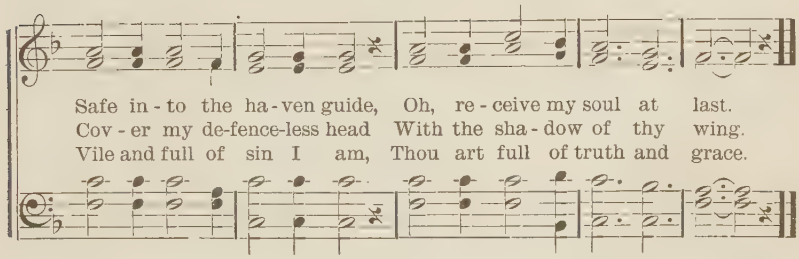
No. 130. Jesus, Lover of my Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY. S. B. MARSH.

1. { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly,
While the nearer wa - ters roll, While the temp-est still is high; }
2. { Oth - er ref-uge have I none, Hangs my help-less soul on thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me. }
3. { Thou, O, Christ, art all I want, More than all in thee I find.
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint, Heal the sick and lead the blind. }

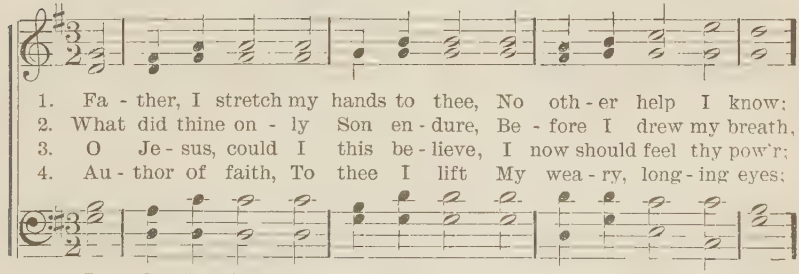
Jesus, Lover of my Soul. Concluded.

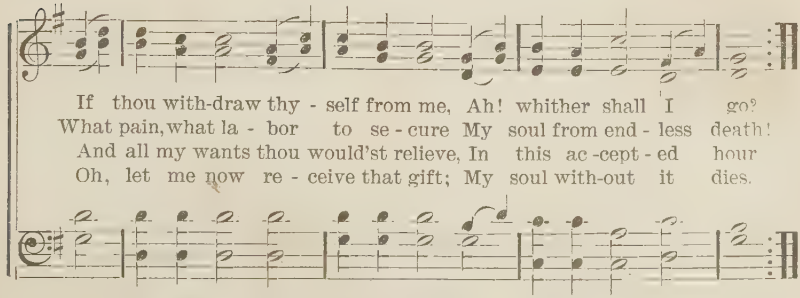




No. 131. I Do Believe.

CHARLES WESLEY. UNKNOWN.





No. 132. My Faith Looks Up.

RAY PALMER. LOWELL MASON.

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint -ing heart,
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
4. When ends life's tran - sient dream, When death's cold sul - len stream,

Sav - ior di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
My zeal in - spire; As thou hast died for me, Oh, may my
Be thou my guide: Bid dark-ness turn to day, Wipe sor-rows
Shall o'er me roll; Blest Sav - ior, then in love, Fear and dis-

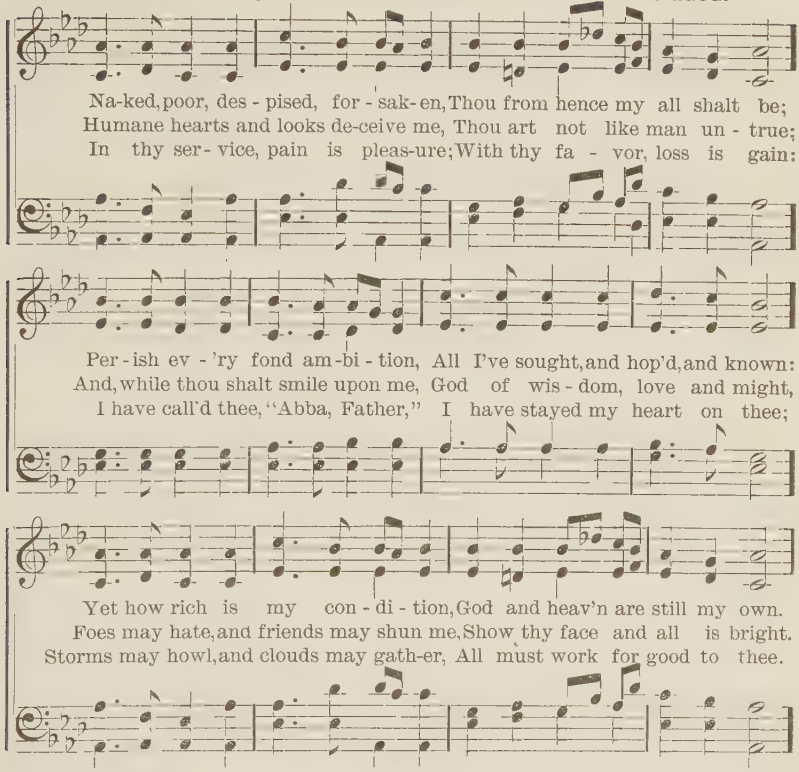
guilt a - way, Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly thine.
love to thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire.
tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From thee a - side.
trust re - move; Oh, bear me safe a - bove, A ran - somed soul.

No. 133. Jesus, I my Cross have Taken.

HENRY F. LYTE. MOZART.

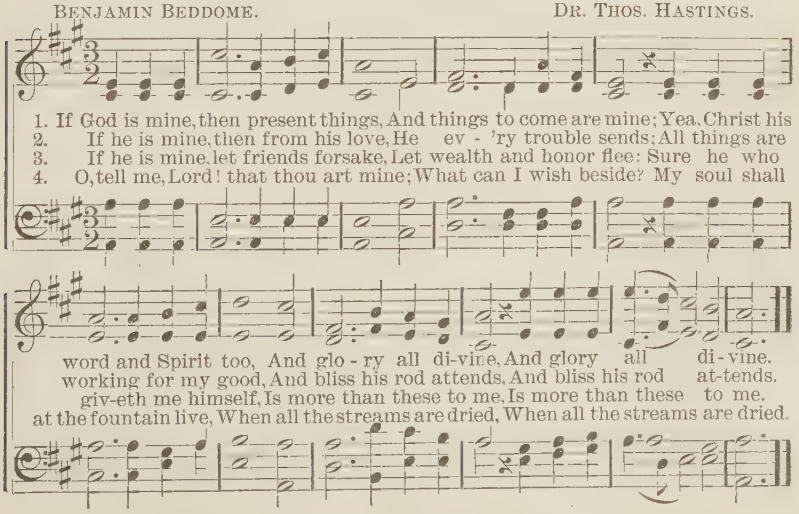
1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave and fol-low thee;
2. Let the world des - pise, for - sake me, They have left my Savior too;
3. Go, then, earthly fame and treas-ure! Come, disaster, scorn and pain!

Jesus, I my Cross have Taken. Concluded.



No. 134. If God Is Mine.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME. DR. THOS. HASTINGS.



No. 135. The Great Physician.

REV. WM. HUNTER. Arr. by REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

p

1. The great Phy-si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing Jesus;
2. Your ma - ny sins are all for-giv'n, Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;
3. All glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb! I now be - lieve in Jesus;
4. His name dis - pels my guilt and fear, No oth - er name but Jesus;

He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, Oh, hear the voice of Je-sus.
Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je-sus.
I love the bless - ed Sav - ior's name, I love the name of Je-sus,
Oh, how my soul de - lights to hear The prec-ious name of Je-sus.

CHORUS.

"Sweet-est note in ser - aph song, sweet-est name on mor - tal tongue,

Rit.

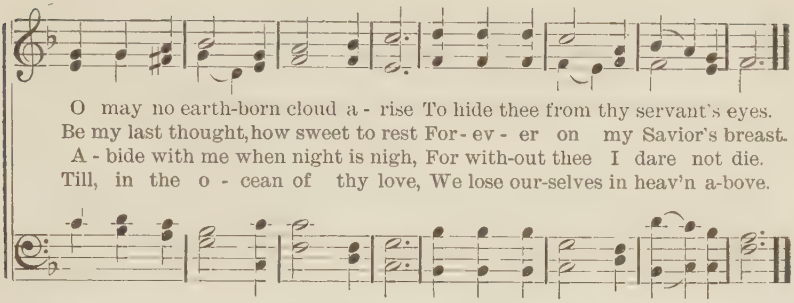
Sweet - est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus."

No. 136. Sun of my Soul.

JOHN KEBLE. P. RITTER.

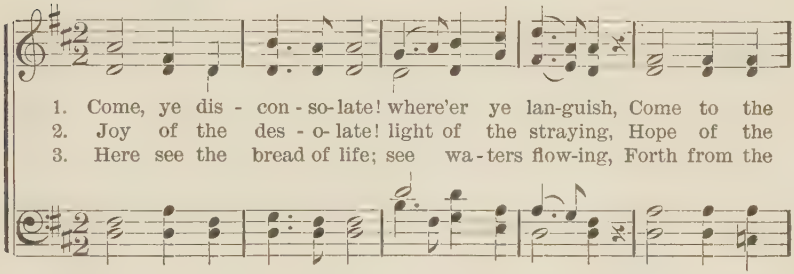
1. Sun of my soul, thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if thou be near:
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea-ried eye - lids gen-tly steep,
3. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out thee I can - not live;
4. Come near and bless us when we wake. Ere thro' the world our way we take;

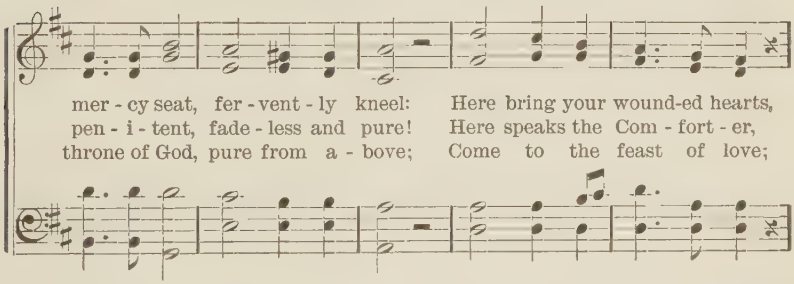
Sun of my Soul. Concluded.

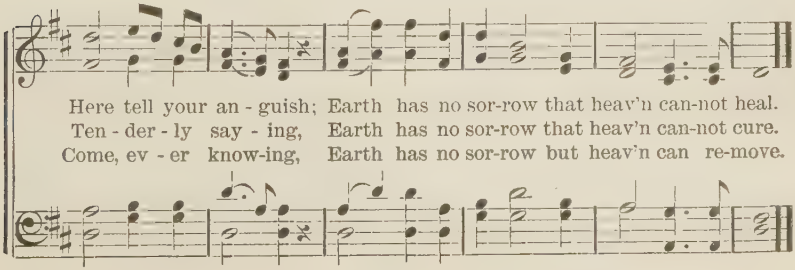


No. 137. Come, ye Disconsolate.

THOMAS MOORE. SAMUEL WEBBE.







No. 138. My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.

BENJAMIN SCHMOLKE. WEBER.

1. My Je - sus, as thou wilt: O may thy will be mine; In - to thy
2. My Je - sus, as thou wilt: Tho' seen thro' many a tear, Let not my
3. My Je - sus, as thou wilt: All shall be well for me: Each changing

hand of love I would my all re - sign. Thro' sor - row or thro' joy,
star of hope Grow dim or dis-ap - pear. Since thou on earth hast wept
future scene I gladly trust to thee. Straight to my home a - bove.

Conduct me as thine own, And help me still to say, "My Lord, thy will be done."
And sorrowed oft alone, If I must weep with thee "My Lord, thy will be done."
I trav el calm-ly on, And sing in life or death "My Lord, thy will be done."

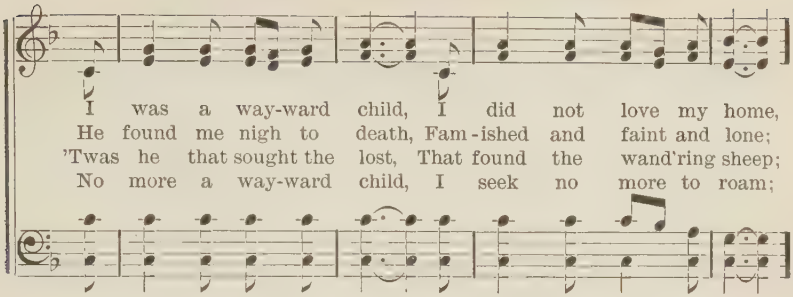
No. 139. I was a Wayward Child.

J. ZUNDEL.

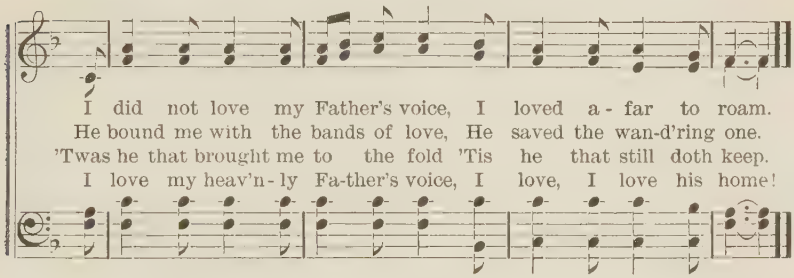
1. I was a wandering sheep, I did not love the fold,
3. The Shep - herd sought his sheep, The Fa - ther sought his child;
3. Je - sus my Shep-herd is; 'Twas he that loved my soul,
4. No more a wondering sheep, I love to be con - trolled;

I did not love my Shepherd's voice. I would not be controlled:
He fol - lowed me o'er vale and hill, O'er des-serts waste and wild:
'Twas he that washed me in his blood, 'Twas he that made me whole;
I love my tend - er Shepherd's voice, I love the peace - ful fold:

I was a Wayward Child. Concluded.



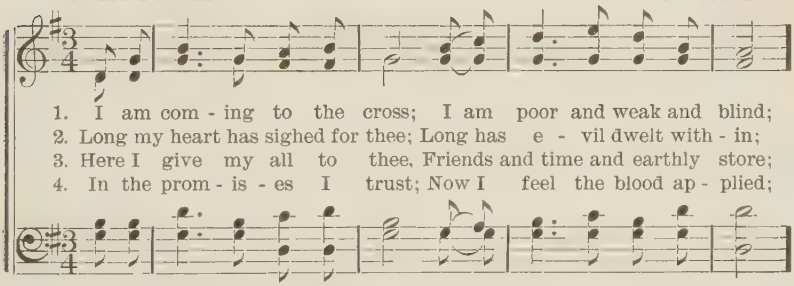
I was a way-ward child, I did not love my home,
He found me nigh to death, Fam-ished and faint and lone;
'Twas he that sought the lost, That found the wand'ring sheep;
No more a way-ward child, I seek no more to roam;



I did not love my Father's voice, I loved a-far to roam.
He bound me with the bands of love, He saved the wan-d'ring one.
'Twas he that brought me to the fold 'Tis he that still doth keep.
I love my heav'n-ly Fa-ther's voice, I love, I love his home!

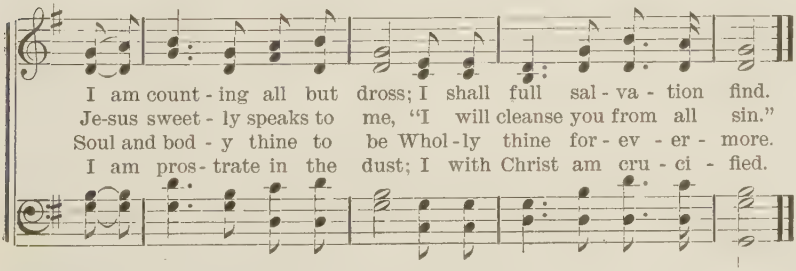
No. 140. I am Coming to the Cross.

W. H. Mc Donald. Wm. G. Fischer.



1. I am com-ing to the cross; I am poor and weak and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for thee; Long has e-vil dwelt with-in;
3. Here I give my all to thee, Friends and time and earthly store;
4. In the prom-is-es I trust; Now I feel the blood ap-plied;

Cho. I am trust-ing, Lord, in thee, Dear Lamb of Cal-va-ry,



I am count-ing all but dross; I shall full sal-va-tion find.
Je-sus sweet-ly speaks to me, "I will cleanse you from all sin."
Soul and bod-y thine to be Whol-ly thine for-ev-er-more.
I am pros-trate in the dust; I with Christ am cru-ci-fied.

Humbly at the cross I bow; Save me, Je-sus, save me now.

No. 141. Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS. SICILIAN MELODY.

1. Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, Pilgrim thro' this bar.ren land:
I am weak, but thou art mighty, Hold me with thy pow'rful hand:

2. O - pen now the crys-tal fountain Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fier - y, cloud-y pil - lar Lead me all my journey thro':

3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx-ious fears subside;
Bear me thro' the swell-ing current; Land me safe on Canaan's side:

Bread of heav-en, Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.
Strong de-liv-erer, Strong de-liv-erer, Be thou still my strength and shield.
Songs of prais - es Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to thee.

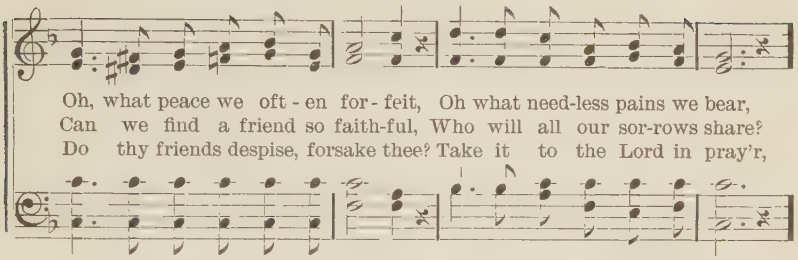
No. 142. What a Friend.

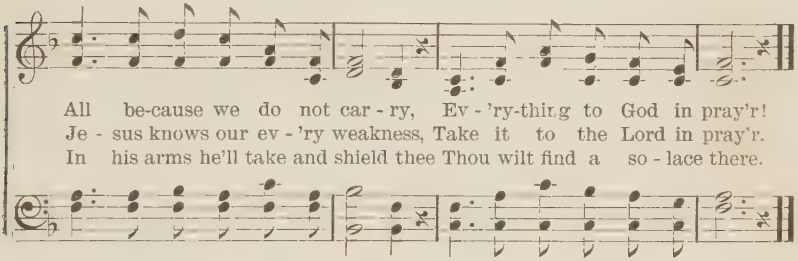
H. BONAR. C. C. CONVERSE.

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri - als and temp-ta-tions? Is there trou-ble an - y - where?
3. Are we weak and heav - y la - den, Cum-bered with a load of care,

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in pray'r!
We should nev - er be dis-cour-aged, Take it to the Lord in pray'r!
Pre - cious Sav - ior still our ref - uge, Take it to the Lord in pray'r!

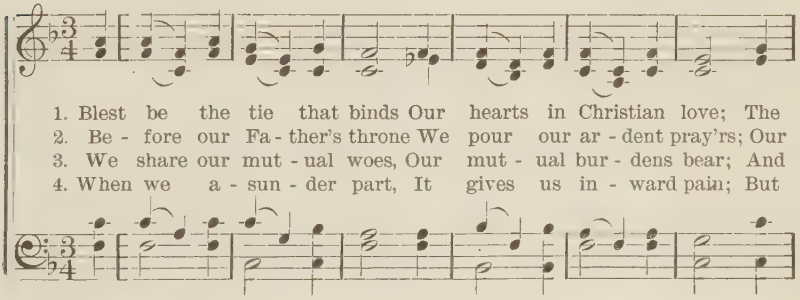
What a Friend. Concluded.

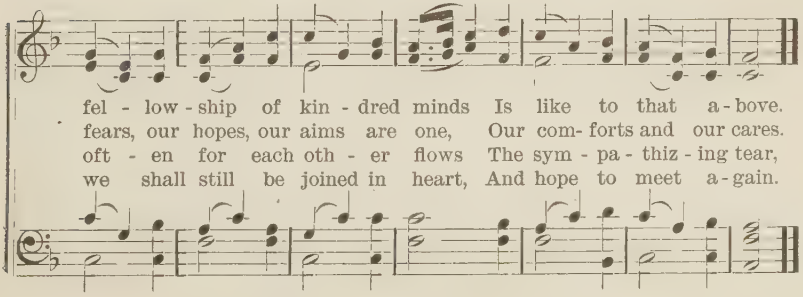




No. 143. Blest Be the Tie That Binds.

JOHN FAWCETT. H. G. NAGELI.





No. 144. I Need Thee, Precious Jesus.

FREDERICK WHITFIELD. Arr. from an Old Melody.

1. I need thee, pre-cious Je - sus, For I am full of sin;
My soul is dark and guilt - y, My heart is dead with - in:

2. I need thee, bless-ed Je - sus, For I am ver - y poor,
A strang-er and a pil - grim, I have no earth - ly store:

3. I need thee, bless-ed Je - sus, I need a friend like thee,
A friend to soothe and pit - y, A friend to care for me.

I need the cleans-ing fountain Where I can al - ways flee,
I need the love of Je - sus To cheer me on my way,
I need the heart of Je - sus To feel each anx - ious care,

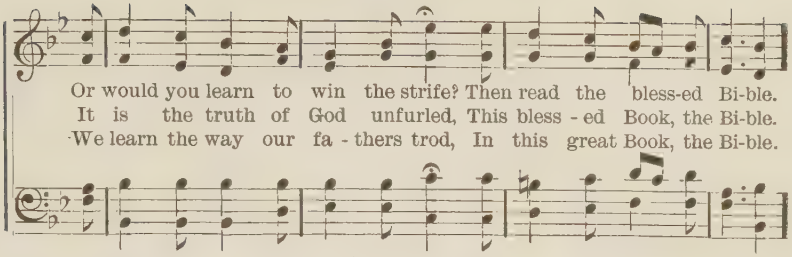
The blood of Christ most precious, The sin - ner's per - fect plea.
To guide my doubt - ing foot-steps, To be my strength and stay.
To tell my ev - 'ry tri - al, And all my sor - rows share.

No 145. The Bible.

FRANK S. FOX. J. BERG ESENWEIN.

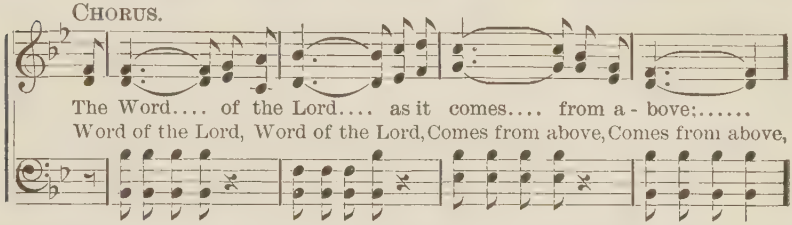
1. Oh, would you know the way of life? Then stud - y well the Bi-ble;
2. It is the Book of all the world; Then stud - y well the Bi-ble;
3. We draw a - near the throne of God When - e'er we read the Bi-ble.

The Bible. Concluded.

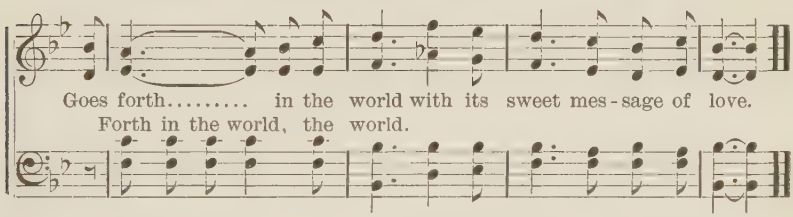


Or would you learn to win the strife? Then read the bless-ed Bi-ble.
It is the truth of God unfurled, This bless - ed Book, the Bi-ble.
We learn the way our fa - thers trod, In this great Book, the Bi-ble.

CHORUS.



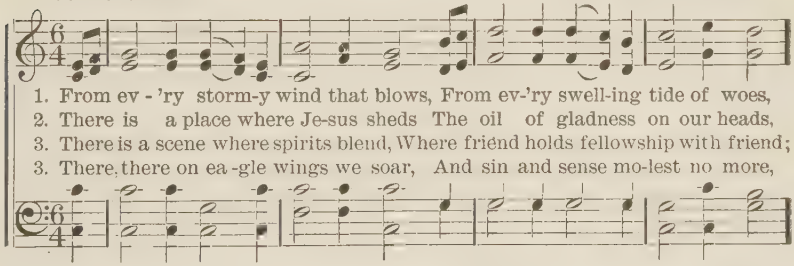
The Word.... of the Lord.... as it comes.... from a - bove;.....
Word of the Lord, Word of the Lord, Comes from above, Comes from above,



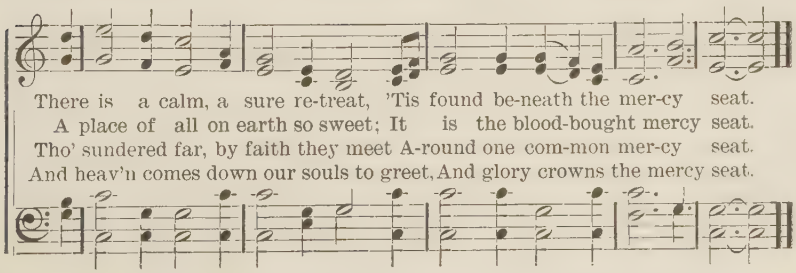
Goes forth..... in the world with its sweet mes - sage of love.
Forth in the world, the world.

No. 146. The Mercy Seat.

HUGH STOWELL. DR. THOS. HASTINGS.



1. From ev - 'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev-'ry swell-ing tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Je-sus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads,
3. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
3. There, there on ea-gle wings we soar, And sin and sense mo-lest no more,



There is a calm, a sure re-treat, 'Tis found be-neath the mer-cy seat.
A place of all on earth so sweet; It is the blood-bought mercy seat.
Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet A-round one com-mon mer-cy seat.
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glory crowns the mercy seat.

No. 147. Praise Ye the Father.

FRIEDRICH FLEMMING.

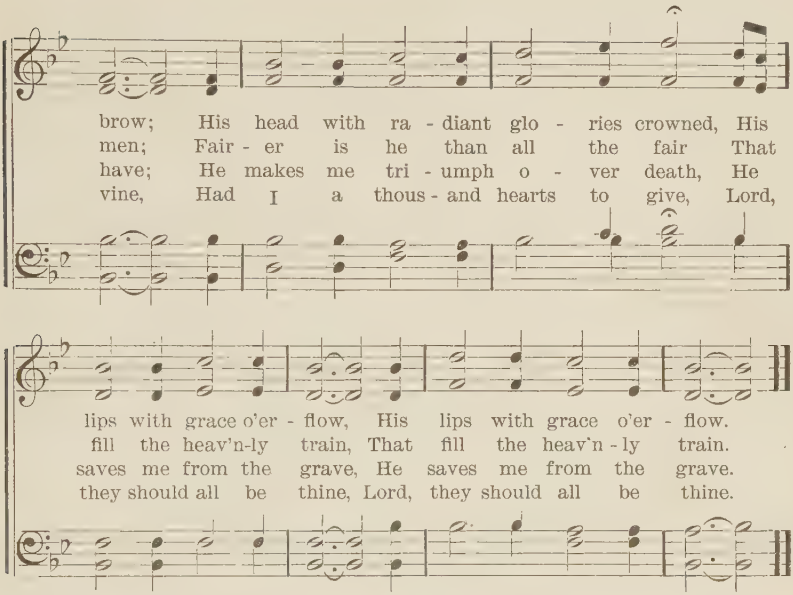
1. Praise ye the Fa - ther for his lov - ing kind-ness, Ten - der - ly cares he for his err - ing chil - dren; Praise him, ye an - gels, praise him in the heav - ens, Praise ye Je - ho - vah!
2. Praise ye the Sav - ior, great is his com - pas-sion, Gra - cious-ly cares he for his chos - en peo - ple; Young men and maid-ens, ye old men and chil - dren, Praise ye the Sav - ior!
3. Praise ye the Spir - it, Com-fort - er of Is - rael, Sent of the Fa - ther and the Son to bless us; Praise ye the Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spir - it, Praise ye the Triune God!

No. 148. Majestic Sweetness sits Enthroned.

SAMUEL STENNETT. DR. T. HASTINGS.

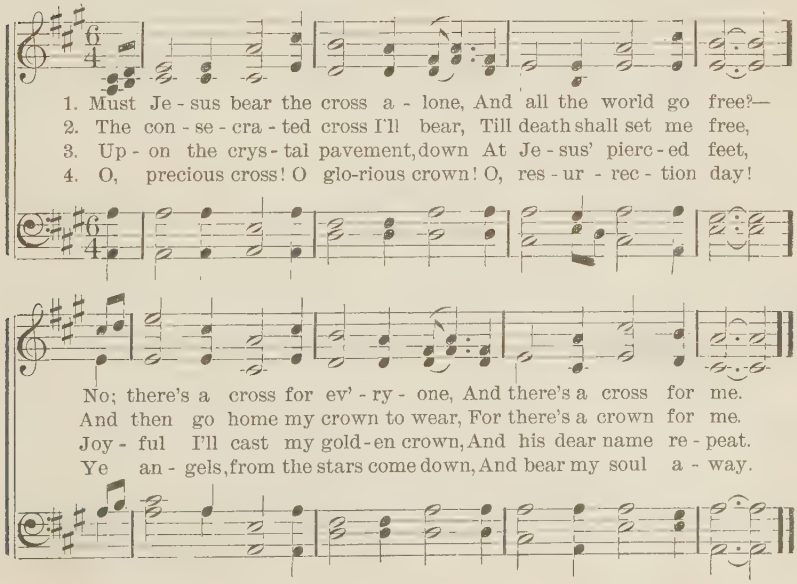
1. Ma - jes - tic sweet - ness sits enthroned up - on the Sav - ior's
2. No mor - tal can with him com-pare, a - mong the sons of
3. To him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I
4. Since from his boun - ty I re - ceive Such proofs of love di -

Majestic Sweetness sits Enthroned. Concluded.



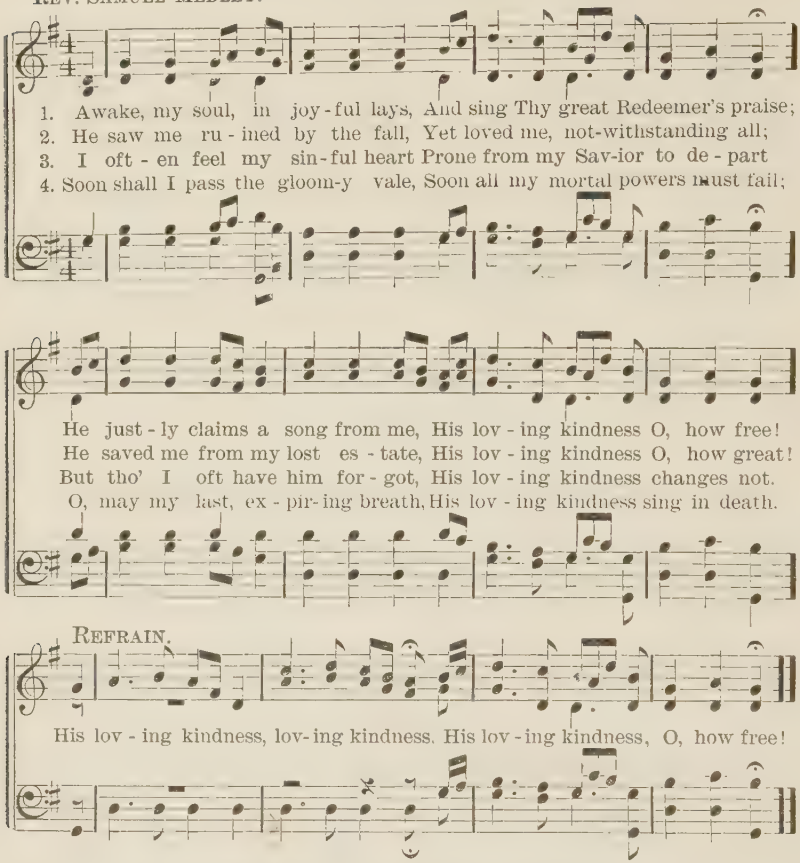
No. 149. Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

THOS. SHEPHERD. GEO. N. ALLEN.



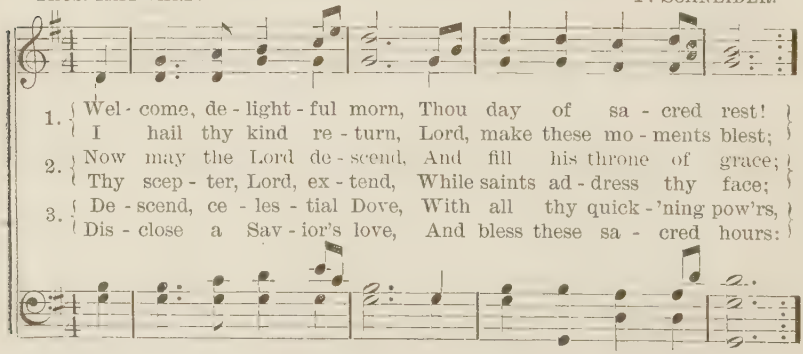
No. 150. Loving Kindness.

REV. SAMUEL MEDLEY. OLD MELODY.

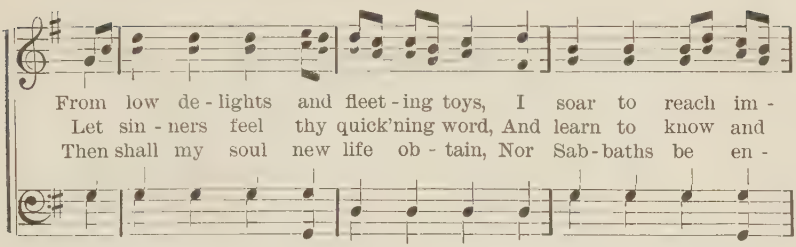


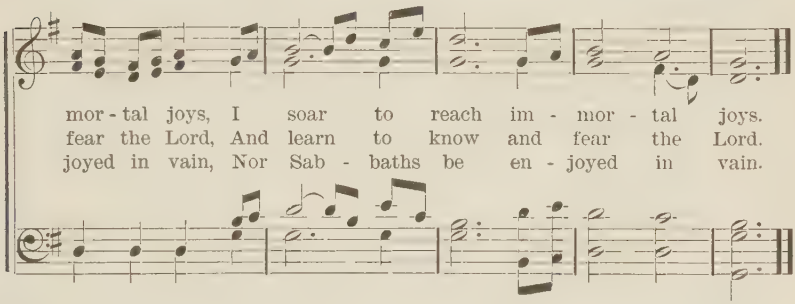
No. 151. Welcome, Delightful Morn.

THOS. HAYWARD. F. SCHNEIDER.



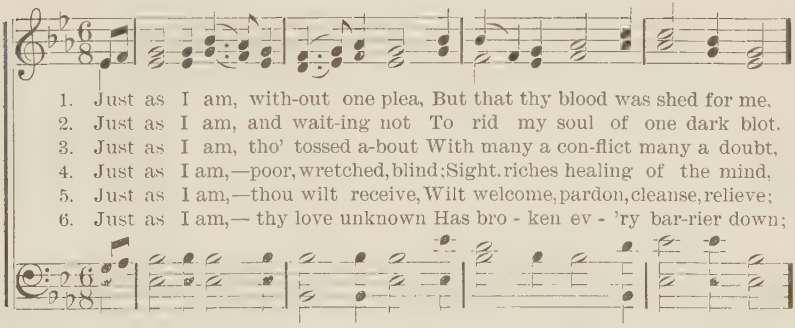
Welcome, Delightful Morn. Concluded.

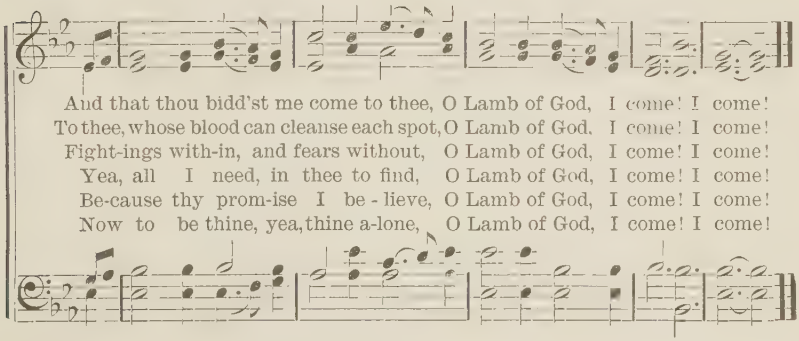




No. 152. Just as I Am.

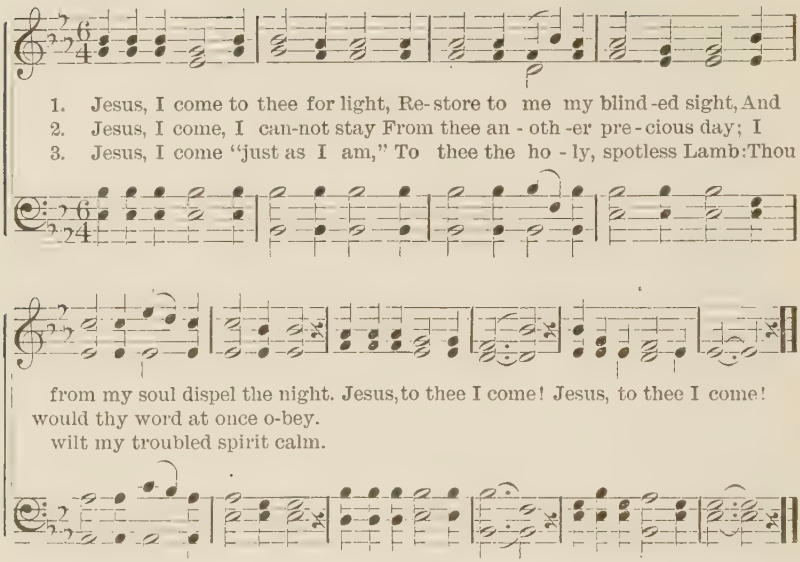
CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. WM. B. BRADBURY.





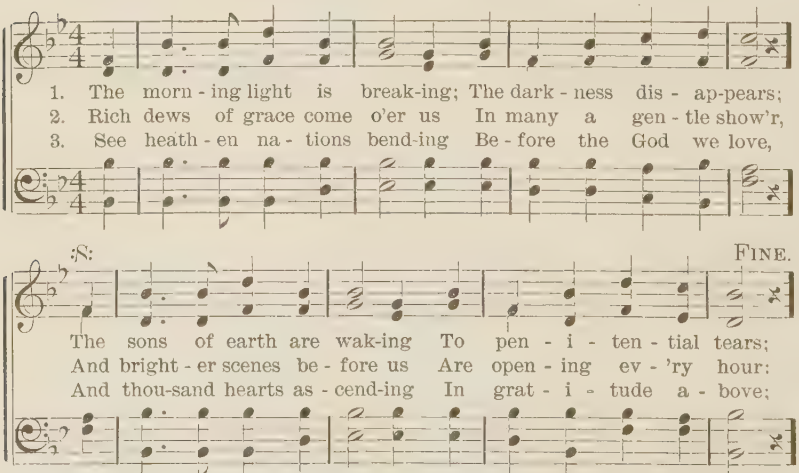
No. 153. To Thee I Come.

Words arr. J. E. GOULD.

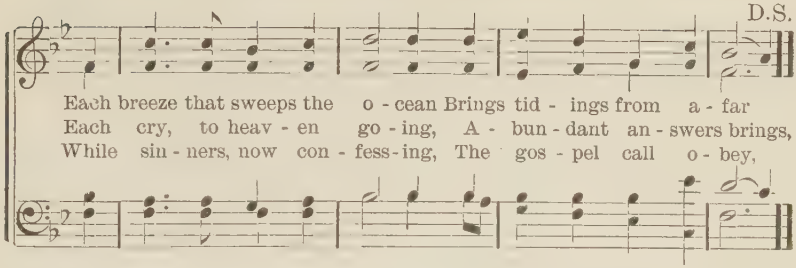


No. 154. The Morning Light is Breaking.

S. F. SMITH. G. J. WEBB.

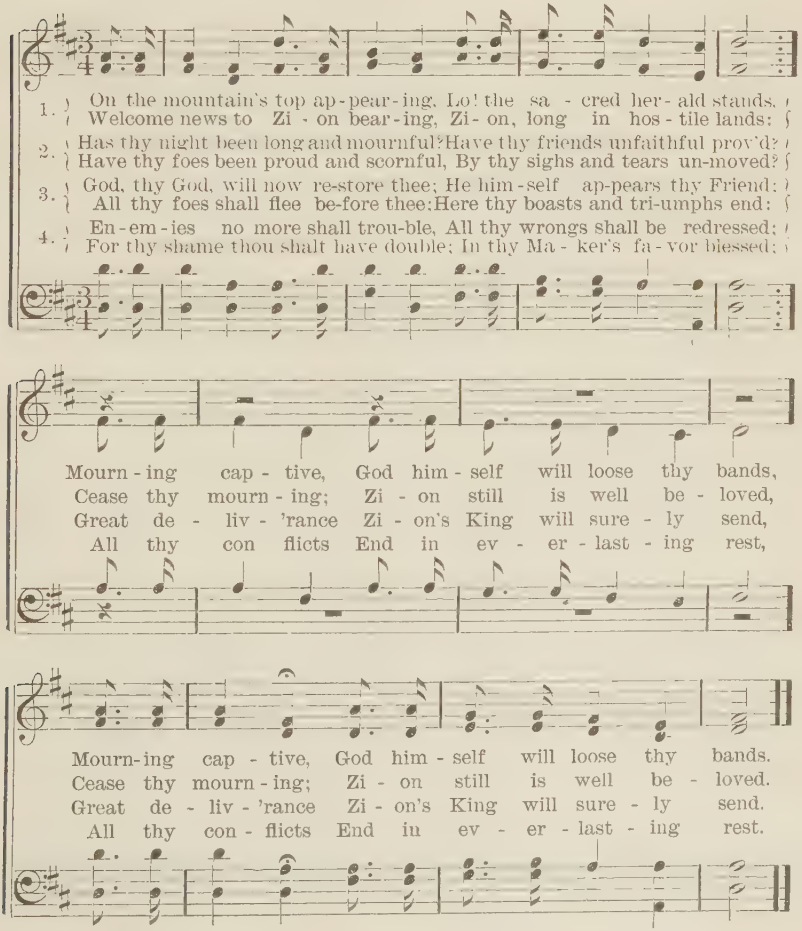


The Morning Light is Breaking. Concluded.



No. 155. On the Mountain's Top Appearing.

THOMAS KELLY. DR. THOS. HASTINGS.



No. 156. O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.

GREEK MELODY.

1. O Je - sus, thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast-closed door,
In low - ly pa-tience wait - ing To pass the threshold o'er:

2. O Je - sus, thou art knocking; And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns thy brow en - cir - cle, And tears thy face have marred:

3. O Je - sus, thou art plead-ing In ac-cents meek and low,—
"I died for you, my chil-dren, And will ye treat me so?"

We bear the name of Christians, His name and sign we bear:
O love that pass-eth knowledge, So pa - tient-ly to wait!
O Lord, with shame and sor - row We o - pen now the door:

O shame, thrice shame up-on us, To keep him stand-ing there!
O sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the gate!
Dear Sav - ior, en - ter, en - ter, And leave us nev - er - more!

No. 157, Nearer my Home.

PHOEBE CARY. JOHN M. EVANS.

1. One sweet - ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er:
2. Near - er my Fath - er's house, Where man - y man - sions be;
3. For ev - en now my feet May stand up - on its brink;

Nearer my Home. Concluded.

I'm near - er home to - day Than e'er I've been be - fore.
Near - er the great white throne, Near - er the jas - per sea.
I may be near - er home, Near - er than now I think.

REFRAIN.

I'm near - er my home, near - er my home, Near - er my home to - day,

Yes, nearer my home in heav'n to-day, Than ever I've been be - fore.

No. 158. Come, Thou Almighty King.

CHARLES WESLEY. FELICE GIARDINI.

1. Come, thou Al-might - y King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise!
2. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa-cred wit - ness bear, In this glad hour.
3. To thee, great One in Three, The highest prais - es be; Hence, ev-er-more;

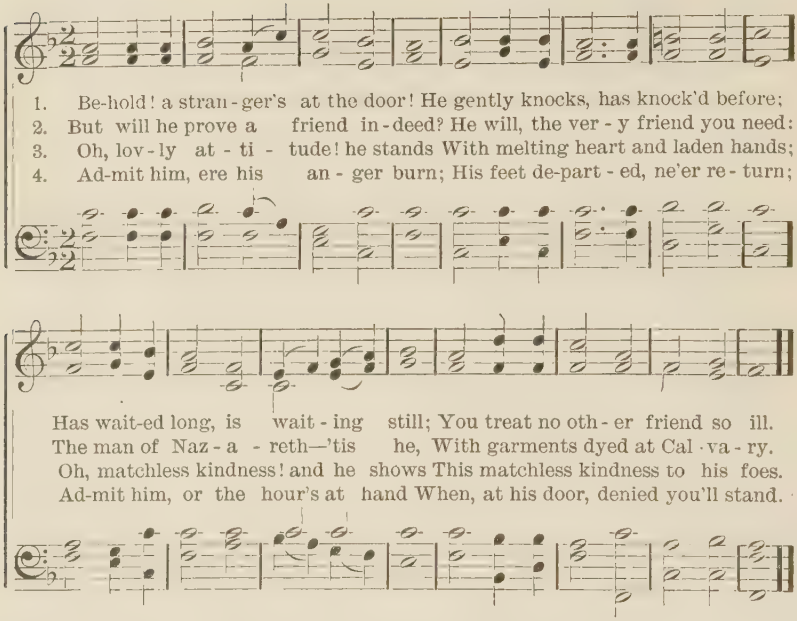
Fa-ther all glo - ri-ous, O'er all vic - to - ri-ous, } Come, and reign o - ver us, An-cient of days.

Thou who al-might-y art, Now rule in ev-'ry heart, } And ne'er from us de-part, Spirit of pow'r.

Thy sov-'reign majesty May we in glo - ry see, } And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

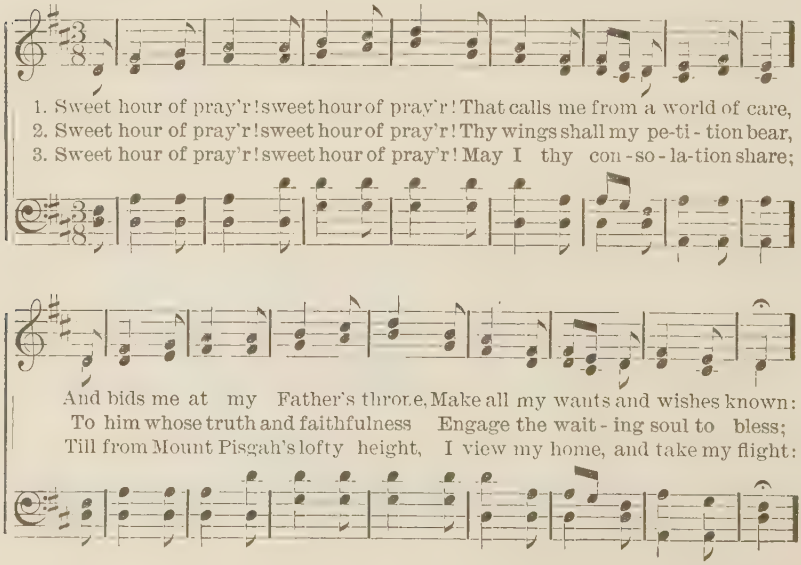
No. 159. Behold! a Stranger.

JOSEPH GRIGG. H. K. OLIVER.



No. 160. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. WALFORD. W. B. BRADBURY.



Sweet Hour of Prayer. Concluded.

In sea - sons of dis- tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,
And since he bids me seek his face, Be-lieve his word and trust his grace,
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the ev - er- last-ing prize;

And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn sweet hour of pray'r.
I'll cast on him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.
And shout while passing thro' the air, Fare-well, farewell, sweet hour of pray'r.

No. 161. At the Fountain. OLD MELODY.

1. Of him who did sal - va-tion bring, I'm at the fountain drinking,
2. Ask but his grace, and lo! 'tis giv'n, I'm at the fountain drinking,
3. Tho' sin and sor - row wound my soul, I'm at the fountain drinking,
4. Wher-e'er I am, wher-e'er I move, I'm at the fountain drinking,
5. In - sa-tiate to this spring I fly, I'm at the fountain drinking,

I could for - ev - er think and sing, I'm on my jour-ney home.
Ask and he turns your hell to heav'n, I'm on my jour-ney home.
Je - sus. thy balm will make me whole, I'm on my jour-ney home.
I meet the ob - ject of my love, I'm on my jour-ney home.
I drink and yet am nev - er dry, I'm on my jour-ney home.

CHORUS.

Glory to God, I'm at the fountain drinking, Glory to God, I'm on my journey home.
Last verse. My soul is sat-is-fied.

No. 60. I am Trusting.

ELI. M. RICHMOND. WILLIS BROWN.

1. I am trust - ing, on - ly trust - ing In the pow'r of Je - sus' blood,
2. Ev-'ry hour I feel the bless - ing Of a faith in Je - sus' love;
3. Won't you come to my dear Sav - ior? He is wait-ing now for thee;
4. See how sad your sins have made him, How he stands with bended head;

How he keeps me in my tri - als, Binds me ev - er to my God.
So I sim - ply work and trust him, Trust him for a home a - bove.
Don't you hear him gen - tly plead-ing "Come my child, come un - to me."
Cast a - way your sin - ful bur-dens, Give the Sav - ior joy in-stead.

CHORUS.

Come to Je-sus, come to Je - sus, Don't you hear him call - ing thee?

O he pleads that you will love him, Come, O, come, ere late it be.

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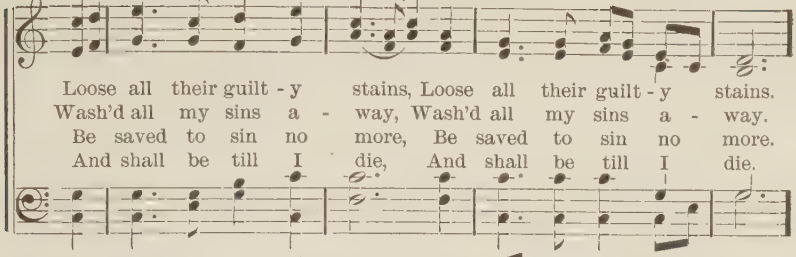
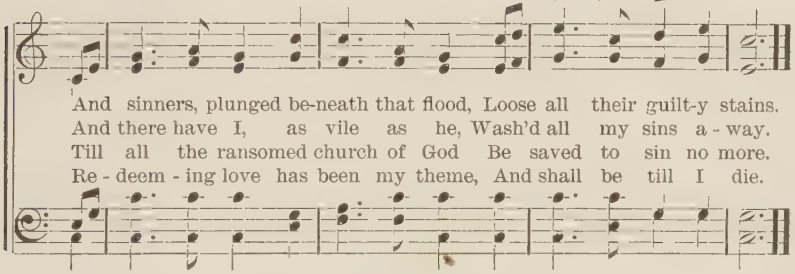
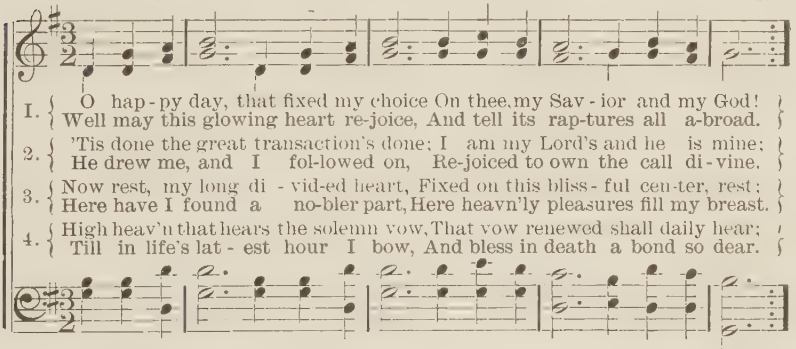
There is a Fountain. Concluded.

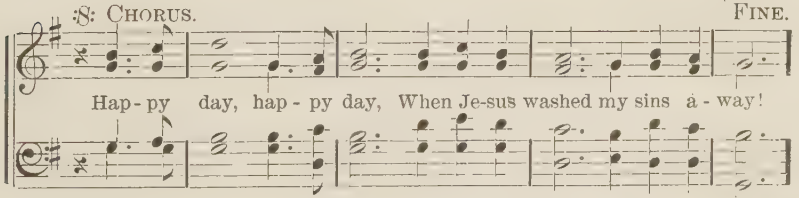


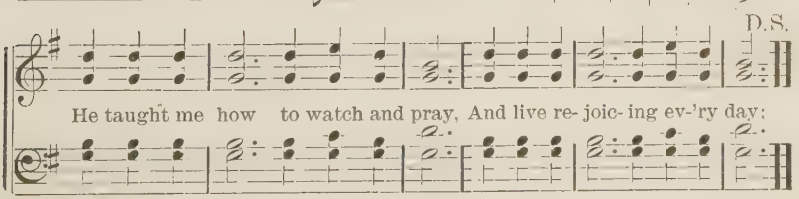


No. 164. O Happy Day.

PHILLIP DODDRIDGE. E. F. RIMBAULT.







No. 165. I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

L. H. LOUIS HARTSOUGH.

1. I hear thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to thee,
2. Tho' com - ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength as - sure,
3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per - fect faith and love,
4. All hail! a - ton - ing blood! All hail re - deem - ing grace!

For cleans - ing in thy precious blood, That flow'd on Cal - va - ry!
Thou dost my vile - ness ful - ly cleanse, Till spot - less all, and pure.
To per - fect hope and peace and trust, For earth and heav'n a - bove,
All hail! the gift of Christ, our Lord, Our Strength and Righteousness.

I am com - ing, Lord, Com - ing now to thee!

Wash me, cleanse me in thy blood, That flowed on Cal - va - ry!

By permission.

No. 166. Lead, Kindly Light!

J. H. NEWMAN. REV. J. B. DYKES.

1st.

1. Lead, Kindly Light! a-mid th' en-cir-cling gloom, Lead thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from (*Omit.*).....

2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that thou Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but (*Omit.*) .....

3. So long thy pow'r has blessed me, sure it still Will lead me on;
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, (*Omit.*)..... .....

2d.

Lead, Kindly Light! Concluded.

home, Lead thou me on; Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to
now Lead thou me on: I loved the gar - ish day, and spite of
till the night is gone; And with the morn those an-gel fac - es

see The dis - ant scene; One step e - nough for me.
fears, Pride ruled my will. Re-mem-ber not past years.
smile Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while!

No. 167. Oh, Could I Speak.

S. Medley. Dr. Lowell Mason.

1. Oh, could I speak the matchless worth, Oh, could I sound the glo - ries
2. I'd sing the pre-cious blood he spilt, My ran-som from the dread-ful
3. Well—the de-light-ful day will come, When my dear Lord will bring me

forth Which in my Sav - ior shine,
guilt, Of sin and wrath di-vine!
home, And I shall see his face:

I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings,
I'd sing in glorious right-eous-ness,
In which all per-fect heav'nly dress
Then with my Savior, Brother, Friend,
A blest e - ter - ni - ty I'll spend,

In notes al - most di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine.
My soul shall ev - er shine, My soul shall ev - er shine.
Tri - umph - ant in his grace, Tri-umph-ant in his grace.

No. 168. From Greenland's Icy Mountains

REGINALD HEBER. DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. From Greenland's i - cy moun-tains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,
2. What tho' the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey-lon's isle;
3. Can we, whose souls are light - ed By wis - dom from on high,
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, his sto - ry And you, ye wa - ters, roll,

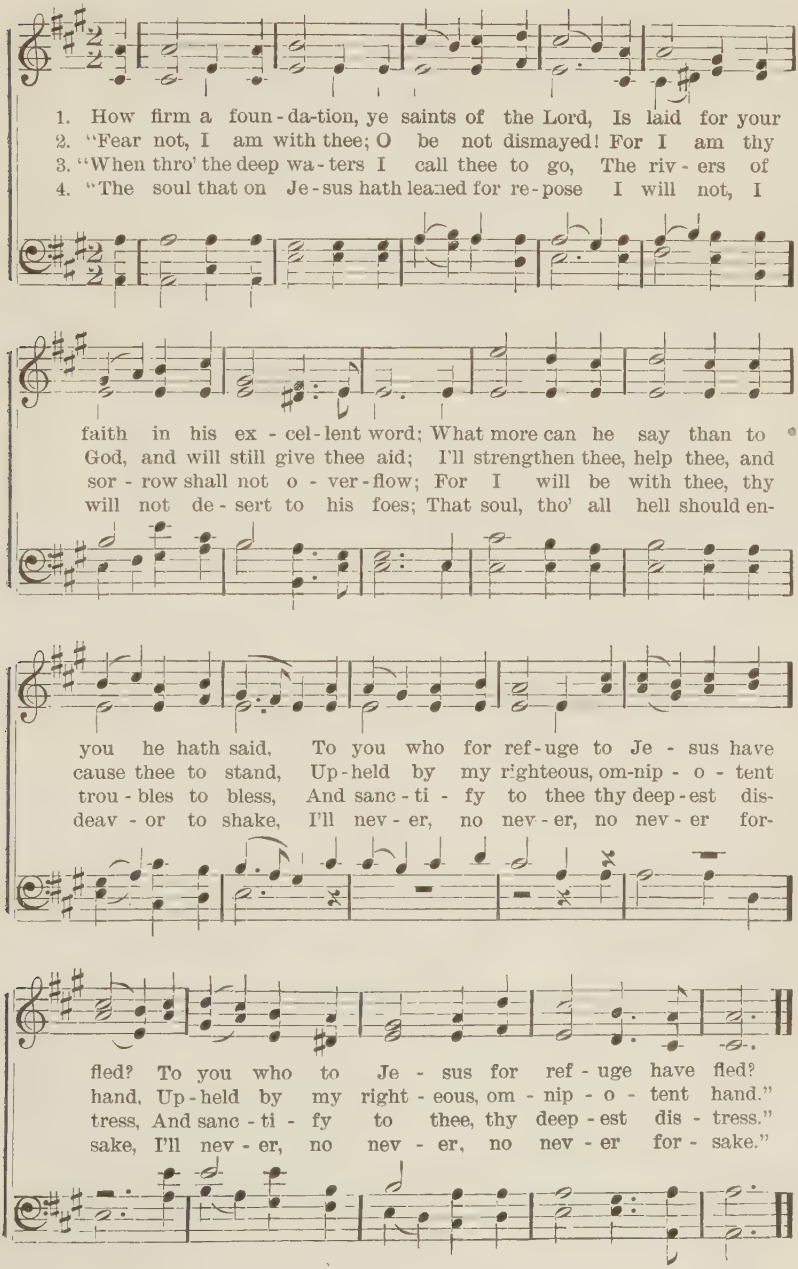
Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun-tains Roll down their gold - en sand;
Tho' ev - 'ry pros-pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile?
Can we to men be - night - ed The lamp of life de - ny?
Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole:

From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain,
In vain, with lav - ish kind - ness, The gifts of God are strown;
Sal - va - tion! O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim,
Till o'er our ran-somed na - ture The Lamb, for sin - ners slain,

They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
The heath-en in his blind - ness, Bows down to wood and stone.
Till earth's re - mot-est na - tion Has learned Mes - si - ah's name.
Re - deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign.

No. 169. How Firm a Foundation.

GEORGE KEITH. J. READING.



No. 170. Now the Day is Over.

SABINE BARING-GOULD. JOSEPH BARNBY.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
2. Je - sus give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose;
3. Thro' the long night-watch - es May thine an - gels spread
4. When the morn-ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise
5. Glo - ry to the Fa - ther, Glo - ry to the Son,

Shad - ows of the eve - 'ning Steal a - cross the sky.
With thy ten - d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lies close.
Their white wings a - bove us, Watch - ing round each bed.
Pure, and fresh and sin - less In thy ho - ly eyes.
And to thee, blest Spir - it, Whilst all a - ges run. A-men.

evening Steal across the sky.

No. 171. Nearer, my God, to Thee.

Key of G. SARAH FLOWER ADAMS.

1. Nearer, my God, to thee,
   Nearer to thee,
   E'en though it be a cross
   That raiseth me;
   Still all my song shall be,
   ‖: Nearer, my God, to thee, :‖
   Nearer to thee.

2. Though like a wanderer,
   The sun gone down,
   Darkness be over me,
   My rest a stone,
   Yet in my dreams I'd be
   ‖: Nearer, my God, to thee, :‖
   Nearer to thee.

3. There let the way appear,
   Steps unto heaven;
   All that thou sendest me,
   In mercy given;
   Angels to beckon me
   ‖: Nearer, my God, to thee, :‖
   Nearer to thee.

4. Then with my waking thoughts
   Bright with thy praise,
   Out of my stony griefs
   Bethel I'll raise;
   So by my woes to be
   ‖: Nearer, my God, to thee, :‖
   Nearer to thee.

No. 172. Work, for the Night is Coming.

Key of F. ANNIE L. WALKER.

1. Work, for the night is coming,
   Work through the morning hours;
   Work while the dew is sparkling,
   Work 'mid springing flowers:
   Work when the day grows brighter,
   Work in the glowing sun;
   Work, for the night is coming,
   When man's work is done.

2. Work, for the night is coming,
   Work in the sunny noon;
   Fill brightest hours with labor,
   Rest comes sure and soon.
   Give every flying minute
   Something to keep in store:
   Work, for the night is coming,
   When man works no more.

3. Work, for the night is coming,
   Under the sunset skies;
   While their bright tints are glowing,
   Work, for the daylight flies.
   Work till the last beam fadeth,
   Fadeth to shine no more;
   Work while the night is darkening,
   When man's work is o'er.

No. 173. Old Hundred.

(Doxology.)

REV. THOS. KEN. L. FRANC.

Praise God, from whom all blessing flow, Praise him, all creatures here below;

Praise him a-bove ye heav'n-ly host, Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

No. 174. Sessions.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, Praise him all creatures here below;

Praise him a-bove, ye heav'nly host, Praise Father, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.

No. 175. Gloria Patri.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, And to the Ho-ly Ghost,
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev-er shall be: World without end. A-men.

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